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Poetry.

THE PUSSY-CAT BIRD.

To-day when the sun shone jest after the shower,
A song bubbled up from the lilac tree bower,
That changed of a sudden to quavers so queer,
For a moment I thought something wrong in my ear.
Then I called little Herbert, and asked if he heard.
"Oh, yes!" he replied; "it's the pussy-cat bird."

The pussy-cat bird has the blackest of bills,
With which she makes all her trobles and trills;
She can minde a robin, or sing like a wren,
And I truly believe she can cluck like a hen;
And sometimes you dream that her song is a word,
Then quickly again—she's a pussy-cat bird.

The pussy-cat bird wears a gown like a nun,
But she's chirk as a squirrel, and chock full of fun.
She lives in a house upon Evergreen Lane,
A snug little house, although modest and plain;
And never a puss that was happier purred
Than the feathered and winged little pussy-cat bird.

—St. Nicholas.

HADN'T THE NERVE.

Young Ruffin's mother-in-law was sick,
Her health had struck a flaw;
And with the kind concern that moves
The average son-in-law
He straightway to the settlement
On double-quick did chase,
And brought a doctor back with him
To diagnose the case.

With anxious mien he waited then
Until the doctor gave
Had seen the patient, and in turn
This honest verdict gave:
"She needs no medicine, young man.
There'll be no help for her,
Unless you forthwith send her to
A warmer climate, sir."

No word young Ruffin spoke, but to
The woodshed he made tracks,
And straightway coming back did bring
A newly sharpened ax.
This, handing to the man who did
All human ailments serve,
"You do it, doctor, dear," said he,
"I haven't got the nerve."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE WELSH RAREBIT.

Talk not to me of juicy steaks,
Of meaty lobsters cloaked in red
Of ices carved in ornate cakes
Or lamb-chops brownly crumbed with bread.

These things may do for some, I know,
When they are supping late at night;
But let that gold Welsh rarebit flow
To stay my mighty appetite.

Let doctors fret, and watchful friends
Cry out at you with might and main;
Each rarebit is its own amends
For indigestion's wildest pain.

When I sit down at—well, say, three—
I ask no other gift from fate,
If a molten-gold Welsh rarebit be
A-bubbling on my supper plate.

—Chicago Record.

Miscellany.

THE FAIR'S NIGHT SPLENDORS

Graphically Described by John Russell Young.

It is when the evening shadows fall upon such glorious days as we have had in this regal October weather, and standing near the lagoon, you look toward the dome of the Chicago buildings, that the splendor of this scene falls upon you. It is Babylonian, if ever Babylon, in its glory, could have matched it—the tower, the daring sweep of the architecture, the crowned dome of the Administration Hall, the energy and strength of the sculpture, the bold lines of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, the exhibits of mining, electricity, the fine arts and agriculture, each building a palace, white and glowing in the color of the descending sun. There is the court of honor, the peristyle of the Fair, and beyond it the waters of Lake Michigan, which a slight breeze covers with crisp and tumbling waves.

Chimes ring out in various intonations, echoes from Scotland, from the Alps, from the Sunday school and home. The distant bugle notes that suddenly arouse long dormant war memories tell of the armed soldiery summoned to evening duty. Bursts of music in tones and echoes come from various bands in clashing, blended melody. The vast multitude moves on, a never ending mass.

Here under your eyes is a larger number of souls than Lee and Meade commanded at Gettysburg; an army greater than the armies of conqueror and conquered at Waterloo. A gong sounds, and as the crowd falls back the ambulance whirls on its hurried errand, for science and mercy are here and hand in hand.

Such a wonder world! Not even Babylon in its glory could have surpassed this scene. Here are heaped in endless masses, pile upon pile, form unfolding and developing into form, confused, bewildering; one beauty taking the eye before it can rest upon another, and yet all suffused into a deep, majestic harmony, like the music of some crowning pageant. Had this been the work of Cæsar or Napoleon, how loyal pens would have been written upon the genius that could have made this unimaginable dream come true.

But, friends, and this was one proud thought as I looked upon the sovereign mass of beauty and power and genius shimmering under light of the ripe autumnal sun, this was done by the people. The American citizen put his hand upon Chicago and this city of light and patriotism and art arose as in a night. To-day it is ... to-morrow it may not be. In a little time and this vision will be a memory. There will be no more inspiring thought in the telling than that this consummate achievement of the nineteenth century was built by American hands upon the shores of Lake Michigan, which, when the century was born, was the home of the savage, and unknown even in the nomenclature of civilization.—John Russell Young in the New York Press.

Safety in a Big Diamond.

The magnificent diamond in the Tiffany exhibit at Chicago, which flashes like an electric light as it goes slowly around on its revolving pedestal of crimson velvet, has been bought by Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, the wife of the Chicago millionaire owning the north and south line of cable cars, for the sum of $100,000, says the Philadelphia Times. As to whether Mrs. Yerkes will be safe in wearing such a jewel is a matter much discussed by her friends.

"She will be perfectly safe," assert some, "much safer than you or I would be in displaying our more modest ornaments. No man would be such a fool as to attempt to steal that diamond. It has been advertised all over the world. He could neither wear it nor sell it as it is, and he could carry it into no lapidary to be changed into other forms who would not be thoroughly acquainted with its history."

"But might it not be seized upon by some thief too ignorant to be aware of these contingencies?"

"No; for such a person would be ignorant also of the value of the stone. Mrs. Yerkes may wear her diamond with perfect impunity."

A Decided Hit.

"I made quite a hit at ouah impromptu dinnah the othah evening," said Charley Coddles.

"Did you though?"

"Ya-a-s. Kept ev'rybody laughing, don't you know."

"How did you do it?"

"I consented to cah'ye the duck."—Washington Star.

SIR HENRY EVELYN WOOD.

Versatility of the Quartermaster General of the English Army.

Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, who has just received the appointment of quartermaster general in the English army, has been in turn a sailor, a dragoon, a leader of irregular cavalry, an infantry leader, a diplomate and an administrator. He has fought in the Crimea, the mutiny, Ashantee, South Africa and Egypt, and as a result of these heroic enterprises he wears a dazzling display of decorations, the Victoria cross among them. He is in addition a barrister, learned in the law, and a brilliant and facile

SIR HENRY EVELYN WOOD.

writer. It was said of another most distinguished officer that when he was made a general the world lost the finest possible special correspondent. And of Sir Evelyn Wood it may be said with pride by newspaper men that he would have been bound to take the very foremost place in their ranks had he devoted himself to the pursuit of the "gray goose quill," and he clearly recognizes the utility of a profession, conducted in good faith, which nature almost seems to have intended him to adorn. He was born in 1838, the same year that gave Archibald Forbes to the world.

THE YOUNGER DUMAS.

The Last of the Extraordinary Family Now an Unamiable Cynic.

Once more, for the third season, are we promised Dumas's new play, so often heralded, so frequently postponed, La Route de Thebes, but over Dumas's household broods a dark and deepening shadow, says a Paris letter in the Philadelphia Telegraph. His wife is ill with a hopeless, lingering malady that prevents her from recognizing, it is said, those whom she loves the best; his house in Paris is closed; his splendid collection of paintings sold under the hammer, and the great writer, whose talent was wont to be as prolific as it was unrivalled in his special line, allows his pen to lie idle.

He, too, suffers, it is said, from an affection of the liver, and it is also said that he broods over the fact that he is the last of his name. Gen. Dumas, the whole-souled, daredevil soldier a full-blooded negro from Martinique; Dumas pere, the living incarnation of gayety and geniality, who was commonly supposed to have fused much of his own cheery personality into the character of D'Artagnan, that most lovable of scamps and most winning of vagabonds, both seemed to have escaped the melancholy that is popularly supposed to be the characteristic of their race, and which fell like a pall on the shoulders of their Octoroon descendant.

For, whether it be the effect of his illegitimate birth, which weighed heavily upon him, or his joyless and persecuted childhood, so graphically described in the "Affaire Clemenceau," the genius of the younger Dumas has always been sad and cynical, his laughter is a sneer, his comedy sardonic, and his greatest creations, excepting the "Dame aux Camellias," which was an idealized portrait of his first love, are those which show civilized human nature in its worst phases, and delineate graphically the possibilities of total depravity. The last of the Dumas dynasty is now the best exponent of that cynical bitterness which underlies the froth and frivolity of the French nature and characterizes the final years of the dying century.

THIS IS A WISE HORSE.

He Knows When His Master Is "Loaded" and Watches Him.

There is a horse on the Mississippi coast, it would not be wise to say just where in telling a true tale, and such a tale, for this horse has a master who often takes a drop too much,

WAITING FOR HIM TO SLEEP IT OFF.

and, unable to ride, throws himself on the ground "to sleep it off." Then the horse grazes around patiently until it is time to go home, when he arouses the man by pulling his sleeve, makes him mount, and carries him safely home.

WITH THE WORKINGMEN.

Barbers are delighted over the order that compels convicts in the Maine state prison to get shaved clean twice a week.

Cohoes has 500 union jack spinners, and not a man of them will purchase shoes or garments that do not bear a K. of L. label.

Lowell dry goods dealers do not take kindly to the movement of the clerks in the direction of closing on Friday evenings.

Shut-down talk has been revived at Fall River by the light demand for print cloths. The cut in wages ranges from 8 to 20 per cent.

Lowell clergymen will investigate the claim that local spinners receive less pay than the craft in other New England towns.

Complaint is made against members of a local plasterers' union who work for $3.50 a day, while the union rate is $4 for eight hours.

The French visiting workingmen invited Providence organized railroaders to send a delegate to a convention in Paris next year.

Keeping in Style.

Mrs. Newrich (in the dry goods store)—Do you have fans?

Clerk—Yessum.

Mrs. Newrich—Well, let me have one of them fans dee seyacle I hear so much about.—Chicago Record.

Not Uncommon.

"Are you fond of the water?"

"Exceedingly. At the mere thought of sailing over the bounding waves I can scarcely contain myself."

"Yes, that's the way it affects me, too."—Brooklyn Life.

WHEN REJECTION IS DIFFICULT.

A Woman Awkwardly Situated If a Man Proposes During a Dance.

My last proposal was from a man at a ball, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. On his dress coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. My sister saw me, and knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters, thought to tease me by saying:

"Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking threads off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz I laid my hand in his, and we glided into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure without reproof; when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man whom you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both your hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chaperon, where at least you can refuse him properly.

THOSE BANJO BAGS.

"Lod! look at dem striped pants—I'll steal em sho nuff."

(At home one moment later.) Well ef dat ain scanlous, deys only got one leg.

WHEN THE LEAVES FALL.

He Was. He Was.

A—It was Lawyer Townsman that won my lawsuit for me.

B—Why, I thought he was on the opposing side?

A—He was.—Chicago Record.

An Average Boy.

Father—Little Johnny appears to be hard at work out in the yard. What is he doing?

Mother—I don't know; but if he is working hard it is play.—Good News.

No Other Excuse Needed.

Higgs—Why don't you buy one of these fashionable long-tailed coats?

Briggs (after a painful pause)—Higgs, I am too short.—Chicago Tribune.

The Important Part.

Mrs. Crooks—I have a new cook.

Mrs. Brooks—Have you? How does she seem to like you?—Life.

A Pleasant Outlook.

Patient—The examinations seem to have delighted you, doctor. I judge from your happy countenance that you can save my life.

Dr. Sawbones—I cannot promise you that, but we must perform a number of interesting operations on you.—Tid-Bits.

Pleased Him.

She—I thought father would split over that story you told last night. He said he felt grateful to you for telling it.

He—I am glad he was pleased. Had he never heard it before?

She—Yes, but he said he had almost forgotten it.—Detroit Free Press.

A Case of Necessity.

She—It is true that Miss Richleigh has money, but she is also very exacting. If you marry her you will have to give up smoking and drinking.

He—If I don't marry her I shall have to give up eating, also.—Chicago Tribune.

FOR A NICKEL.

The Man Was Too Honest to Beat a Fellow Citizen.

"Beer, please."

It was the passenger with the swelled nose and scorbutic complexion who made the remark as he handed a $20 bill to the conductor. He meant to say "tickets," but spoke absent-mindedly.

"I can't change that," said the conductor.

"Got nothing less."

"Then you can't ride. This ain't no bank."

The man with the swelled nose began to look serious. He explored his pockets one after another, while the conducter stood waiting, but seemingly in vain. Finally a young person on the seat opposite, who looked like a student of divinity, proffered a car ticket to the person with the bell punch, saying:

"With the gentleman's permission I will pay for him. He can return it when he sees me again."

The conductor accepted the ticket promptly and punched the fare, though the man with the swelled nose had made no response.

About three blocks further on the latter got up, sat down beside the theological individual and unobtrusively pressed a 5-cent piece into his hand.

"I didn't midn akinnin' the company," he said, blinking at his impromptu benefactor, "but I ain't agoin' to cheat a fellow being out of a nickel.—Washington Star.

AUTUMNAL RHYMES.

The sweetest song that was ever sung
Is the chime of the dinner horn,
Unless 'tis the bell that's for breakfast rung
By the light of the early morn.
—Atlanta Journal.

She'd elevate our politics
And bring us gain, not losses;
Yet every henpecked husband knows
When woman into caucus goes
'Twill only add more bosses.
—Kansas City Journal.

'Twill soon be time for Willie dear,
As wily as can be,
To seek some more the Sunday school
That has the Christmas tree.
—Washington Star.

Words raining in the Senate hall,
However thick and fast they fall,
And though they swell into a tide
Wet no financial drought outside.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

The German Emperor's Clever Eldest Sister.

One of the cleverest and most charming of the royal princesses of Europe is Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, the eldest sister of the German

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

emperor. She is the most attractive of all the Emperor Frederick's daughters, and is in temperament, in will and impulse much like her brother Wilhelm II. She is not beautiful in feature, though her figure, like her mother's, is exquisite; but her coloring is lovely, and her personality is so piquant and dainty in detail and effect that she fascinates everybody who knows her. She might easily be pretty in an odd style if she would send her maid to New York to study hairdressing. Like most of the feminine relatives of the Princess of Wales, the German princess wears her hair in the woolly, wiggy tower of tight curls which can never by any chance be becoming to anybody. It is soft, fine, dark brown hair, and she has a great deal of it—and she completely spoils and wastes it in wearing it a la Alexandra.

Princess Charlotte is, in some respects, the favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She is so witty, so sarcastic and full of fun that the venerable queen looks forward with delight to her visits, sure of amusement and exhilaration. Her particularly happy marriage seems to have little effect upon the princess's high spirits. She lives in Berlin most of the year, and is very popular there.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

Rain on the wedding day means tears within the year.

According to current superstition the day should be clear, for "happy is the bride whom the sun shines on."

If the ring slips easily on the finger the omen is of the best, but it is deemed exceedingly unfortunate if it should be too small and so stop at the knuckle.

There is a superstition in regard to losing or breaking the wedding ring. Some years ago, when an elderly widow lost her wedding ring, she bought another and wore it for fear that no ill luck might follow the accident.

Breaking the wedding ring is the unluckiest accident that could befall a married woman, and for that reason wedding rings are commonly made thick, strong and plain, so that to break them is almost impossible.

There is among the girls of Germany a curious superstition which makes it bad for a wedding party to meet a monkey, a priest, a hare, cat, dog, lizard or serpent, though no reason for this curious collection can be ascertained.

When the wedding party is in the church it is considered to be an evil omen if there is a pause or wait of any kind, as if the organ should play too long, or the groom fail to make his appearance in time, or any awkward delay in the ceremonies occur.

Dropping the wedding favors, or any accident in cutting the cake, is considered to be of evil omen. In a divorce case, not long since tried, the lady testified that she knew the marriage would turn out badly, because when cutting the wedding cake she also cut her finger.

White, of course, is the luckiest color to be married in, though a widow, with the conventional privileges of her class, can be married in anything she pleases, even in black, if she likes, and no harm will come of it. She may also, if she choose, keep both gloves on during the ceremony, a thing which is unlucky for the maiden to do, it being almost equally unfortunate for her to don a glove after taking it off.

WENT AROUND TWICE.

She—I suppose you'll try for a pension now?

He—Why so?

She—Well, you have just been through two revolutions.

TWO VERSES.

Can't be always rainin'—
Got to take a rest;
No use in complainin'—
Worst is fer the best.
Lookin' on the bright side
Makes the prospect bright;
Once we're on the right side
We'll pull through all right!
—Atlanta Constitution.

"He says he owes you a licking, does he? Well, you'll never get it."

"How do you know?"

"I'm his tailor."—Chicago Tribune

An Enthusiastic Botanist.

Mrs. Percival D. Richards, of West Medford, Mass., is an enthusiastic botanist, and has achieved a national reputation in that line. It is now ten years since she exhibited her first large collection of native ferns at Horticultural hall, Boston. It was a competitive exhibition and Mrs. Richards easily took the first prize. Since that time, in eleven contests for native ferns, she has taken nine first and two second prizes, an almost unparalleled record.

Possesses Beautiful Pearls.

The Archduchess Ratnier possesses some pearls of unusual beauty, but which some time ago showed signs of losing their brilliancy. They were what the experts call "ill," and as the only cure the pearls will have to be again submerged in their original element and remain in the sea for several years.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR.'" "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII

BULL'S ISLAND.

Nothing was said or done, at least in my hearing or seeing. For the rest of the day I kept my eye on Perry when she was on deck, but never saw that she was addressed or interfered with by the crew.

The prospect of the island showing next day lay like an influence upon the ship; the sailors lounged on the forecastle with their partners, gazing ahead; Brigstock was restless, coming again and again to the compass, looking round at the sea, going forward, and talking with the men. I need not say my own anxiety was heavy and wearing to the last degree. I was in seas almost new to me, sole navigator of the ship; in an ocean full of islands and shoals, many at that time uncharted. Then, had Bull's Island existence in the place he named it as lying in—seven and twenty leagues east of Hercules Island? Or, supposing the island there, yet it might not suit the men either, in which case I was to find one to please them. And how long was that to take—with the anxieties of a perilous navigation attending the quest, a hundred lives in the vessel, and vicious threats in looks, deportment, and speech of further delay, exasperating the women into behavior that might make a hell of the craft?

Before it fell dark, I ordered the studding sails to be hauled down and sail shortened to the main topgallant sail. When this was done, the hour was about 9 o'clock. Although I had no reason to suppose we were near any shoal or land invisible by such starshine as we had, or by such moonshine as was to come, I nevertheless told Brigstock to get a cast of the lead from time to time. I had heard of low coral islands in these seas, like a fleet at anchor, through your seeing nothing but trees, which come and go as the vessel pitches.

The women hung about the decks till a late hour this night; they were too restless and excited to turn in at the usual hour. When the moon rose and shone white, making ivory of the decks, it was the strangest thing to see the crowds of women moving about the main deck; their clothes were tinged with silver, and their shapes seemed unsubstantial; the only solid part seemed their ink-black shadows.

I put Kate's arm under mine for a turn, and kept her at my side for an hour. I was feverish with thought, and it did me good to talk. Was the island where Bull said it was? Would the men be satisfied with it? Would the women shrink at the last moment? Would there be recoil in any of the crew when the spot, repellent in condition in proportion as it was appealing in beauty, hung within an easy pull? I could talk about nothing else.

I was up and about all night. The lead was kept going, but at long intervals. The breeze blew with a wonderful soft steadiness; never so much as a puff of vapor soiled the starry sky. It was an exquisite night indeed; a marvelous sweet climate. There was the fragrance of the moon lily in it; and often I'd fancy a pleasant scent in the wind as though land were near.

Bull, who had the wheel from 12 to 2, asked me if it was strange that the natives in those parts of the great ocean found a bamboo house and a suit of tapoa shelter and clothing enough all the year round? Upon my word, when I looked up at the deep, sparkling sky, with the moonlight melting and steeping to the furthest reaches, and tasted the soft air, and put before my mind's eye such another island as Bull had sketched, and then reflected upon the sort of homes and lives such women as Kate Davis and Sarah Salmon and others were fresh from, the yearly round of dull hard work they would have entered upon in Australia, I couldn't help seeing some wisdom in Brigstock's scheme, and its acceptance by the females. It would be their own fault if in time the settlers did not flourish as a community; enjoying full liberty, living under laws of their own making, good for their peculiar and particular state, nurtured by a bountiful mother—unchallenged lords and ladies of the isle that fed and clothed them.

I left the deck at dawn. Nothing was then in sight. I had scanned the sealine eagerly, while it swept black against the lilac of daybreak ere sunrise flashed it into blue. I was worn out with anxiety, expectation, and want of sleep, and so bathing, fully clothed in my cabin for an off-shore spell of 20 minutes, I slept a little more than an hour, and was then disturbed.

"What is it?"

"There's land right ahead, sir," said Brigstock, holding the door open.

"Ha!"

I jumped for the telescope, and was on deck in a minute. About two points on the port bow, the wind still blowing over the starboard quarter, was the shadow of land. I leveled the glass at it. The lenses made a firm blue heap of the shadow. It was land, and no deceit of cloud.

"Make sail on the ship, Mr. Brigstock. Heap it on her," said I.

Royals and topgallant sails were set, studding sails run aloft; the breeze was gushing with a trade wind's steadiness; the ocean floated like a lake upon its own long-drawn cradling breathings.

"In another hour Bull will be able to tell us if that's his island," said I to Brigstock.

When news that land was in sight got below, the women sprang from their beds, dressed themselves in a fury of hurry and excitement, and rushed on deck as though to some loud and fearful summons. It was the first bit of land they had seen for two months; and they crowded on to the forecastle, thirstily staring and crying out and exclaiming in notes like a noise of monkeys and parrots. They made a difficulty in getting breakfast; some of the mess girls refused to leave the deck to carry the tea and cocoa below. All the sensations and passions of the voyage might have been packed into this time of waiting, while the ship blew leisurely onward, and the land hardened and enlarged, changing from airy blue into silvery green.

It was shortly after ten that, spying Bull on the fo'c's'le, I called him.

"Take this glass," said I, "and tell me if that land there is your island?"

He put the tubes upon the rail and knelt. Expectation was now at its highest pitch. The quarter-deck was a surface of pale faces staring up at us, that is, at me, Brigstock, and Harding, and at Bull kneeling and looking. In a transport of impatience, Brigstock called out:

"Can't yer make anything of it, Tom?"

Still Bull looked; all the fat of him with his three chins and horse-rump breadth of shoulder was in that dogged, feeding gaze, making the very intention that held his eye at the telescope as massive in suggestion as something heavy with flesh. Still kneeling, he looked up and nodded at Brigstock.

"It is then!" exclaimed Harding.

"To the littlest blade of grass upon it, smother me!" answered Bull, and he got upon his feet.

Brigstock pulled off his cap, and looking at me with a twitch or two in his lips, his black eyes expressive of astonishment and respect, exclaimed:

"We trusted jer, sir, and jer've justified our faith. Capt'n, in the crew's name I thank jer, and, whether she suits or not," and here he pointed to the island, "we'll fore and aft be always for allowing that it was well done."

I thought this very handsome of Brigstock, and thanked him with a smile, and a careless assurance that a man must be a poor navigator not to make land when its situation is known. Nevertheless, secretly, I counted this bringing an uncharted island right under my bow, in waters unknown to me, no contemptible feat, perhaps not wanting in luck either; for, had Bull been out by twenty miles I should have missed the place.

"It's Bull's Island right enough, mates!" roared Harding to the forecastle.

Approaching it as we were from the southwest, it was bove up by this time into an irregular outline; a block of shelving terraced stuff to the left, inland a rise that was scarcely a hill, then a long sweep of land going away down into the sea, disappearing in a tremble of surf. The women were crowding the bulwarks again to look; the seamen, with their partners, filled the fo'c's'le head with twenty figures; Prentice was at the wheel; Brigstock kept aft with me, and sometimes we walked, talking, and sometimes we paused to look at the growing land.

By and by I said, "In stun'sails, Mr. Brigstock, and put a leadsman in the chains. Also send Bull on to the flying jib boom end, and let him keep a bright lookout on the water ahead."

This was done; the men rushing about eagerly and nimbly. I then ordered them to rig the stunsail booms in, and to shorten sail down to the main topgallant sail as before, furling everything that was clewed up. This work brought us to hard upon twelve, which hour I made by an observation of the sun, being anxious to fix the island to my satisfaction, in case we should be blown away.

Soon after we had come into these seas, that is when we had struck the fine weather parallels, the men had got the chain cables up, and made all ready with the ground tackle. It remained to be seen, however, whether, supposing the island was to the taste of the people, it would be safer to lie off under command of the helm, than to bring up; and, if the latter, whether we should find holding ground. By half past one o'clock we were within a mile, with no bottom in reach of the lead.

It was a feast to the sight after our long weeks of brine. Perhaps a deeper spirit of beauty than belonged to it went into that richly draped and brightly feathered isle out of the wonder that the freshness and novelties of it raised in us. It showed us a foreshore of three miles as it bore, and ran away inland perhaps four or five; it was swollen with undulations lifting in glittering billows of verdure to a central waterfalls like sparkling mist. Bull, who stood near me, said that to the best of his recollection the great lagoon was to the nor'rard round the point. The Pacific comber broken by creeks and inlets melted in white flashes upon the whiter dazzle of the beach. In some places the vegetation came down thick as a wood to where the glistening line of strand ruled it off sharp.

I turned the telescope in all directions, but saw no habitation, no sign of life. This was not extraordinary; sometimes they are driven out by war; more than one island Eden, such as Pitcairn and Norfolk, has been touched at, and found empty of human life; others vacant, though with memorials of skilled labor and an advanced civilization; but still, while I looked at that beautiful coast, I expected at any moment to see a swarm of canoes glide like insects from one of the many green and shadowed creeks.

The women gazed fascinated. Many were on the forecastle, a crowd along the bulwarks, a number on the poop; they hummed in talk with frequent clear cries and sharp calls, one to another. The rich scene was a revelation to them; and I suspected that many would be thinking, while they looked that the seamen's partners were not the debased fools they had been called.

When the ship had been brought to a stand, the wind blowing softly away from the southeast, and the sea rippling silkily to the very lift of the opal-hued comber, arching snakelike for the shoreward run, Brigstock, with as respectful, composed a demeanor as ever he had worn, though you might have noticed a little color of triumph and importance in his bearing and looks, asked leave to take charge of the going ashore job.

"Oh, certainly," said I; "do what you like. I hope the island will suit you."

"I think it will," said he in his deep voice, with a glance at it.

He then called the crew on to the poop, Susannah Corbin taking the wheel at my request that the seamen there might join the sailors' council. I beckoned Kate from the main deck, and walked aft with her that I might not appear to attend to what the men said.

"What a beautiful island it is!" Kate exclaimed, her face alight with the pleasure the sight gave her.

"Pray Heaven they decide to take it that we may be off."

"What are they going to do?"

"Jaw a bit," said I.

"Some of the partners are in transports," she exclaimed. "Jess Honeyball, standing near me with Isabella Dobson, cried out just now, 'Oh, what a lovely home it will make, Tom shall build our house there.' 'And Dick shall build ours there,' said Dobson."

"It's happened before," said I, "and is therefore true. But it's hard to realize even while it's doing under one's very nose;" and then I clenched my fists and worked my arms, softly crying, "Lord, if they will but decide upon it, that we may be off—that we may be off!"

The seamen with Brigstock in the midst of them, talked in a close group just forward of the mizzenmast. I was at no pains to catch what they said. After a little, three or four went off the poop, but they returned in a short time with three ships' muskets, four pistols, and three or four cutlasses—no doubt all the small arms' chest held; for in those days, as perhaps in these, the merchantman went afloat very ill equipped for purposes of defense.

One of the men handed Brigstock a large flask of powder, with which, one after another, they loaded their weapons. Then they approached one of the port quarterboats; and, while they were clearing her away, Brigstock came along to where I sat with Kate, to tell me he and Bull and six seamen were going ashore to thoroughly overhaul the island. I told him I'd keep the ship hove-to; should a change of weather happen they must return quickly.

By this time the boat was lowered; it was then three o'clock; the afternoon exquisitely fair and serene. Brigstock dropped into the boat by the falls; their oars rose and fell, and away they went, followed by a loud cheering from the remaining sailors and all the partners.

"Choose a good place for us, Isaac!" yelled Emma Grubb.

"Down by the water, Bill, down by the water for me!" shrieked Sail Simmonds. "It's to be a cottage by the sea for us two."

"Don't forget your Soosie, Thomas!" cried Bull's partner.

The fellows, laughing and shouting back, gave way with a will, and were presently out of earshot.

I then called Sampson aft to the wheel, and told the others to hold themselves in readiness for a sudden call. I next asked Alice Perry to pipe all hands; my ship's company, filled with excitement and wonder, rushed on to the poop; I believe some of the girls had a notion that I meant to sail the ship straight away to Australia; and I saw a suspicion of that sort in the seamen, for the three of them went to the galley, and talked to Wamboid, and all of them watched us with six or eight of their partners standing near.

But I had no other motive in summoning the girls than to request them to change into male attire, so as to have a good, useful working force fitly draped in case of emergency. The seamen saw what I meant, when the girls came up clothed as lads, and went on to the forecastle with the partners.

The after part of the ship now looked full of men; familiar as this feature of our shipboard life had long since grown, for ever since the worst of the Horn was over I had gone on patiently and ploddingly training my female crew, I could not help laughing when I gazed around at the dressed-up women; if it hadn't been for their hair they'd have appeared the completest sailors you can imagine; rather short for the most part, it is true, but in the main as broad-shouldered, stout, and vigorous as any lads I was ever shipmate with; and most of them in their male duds, spite of their hair, looking much more like young men than young women.

I was talking to Kate when Alice Perry in her man's clothes rolled up to me; her coarse beauty was wonderfully heightened by her dress; she, of them all, looked the character of handsome, mutinous, dare-devil young seadog the best. She drew close, with a flashing glance toward the helmsman, and said in a sharp whisper:

"Capt'n, why's the ship standing still?"

"Don't you know I'm waiting for those men to return?"

"That's just it, then!" she snapped. "What d'yer want with 'em? They've served us beastly bad, haven't they? I'd like to dish that Cobbs, too—she and the rest."

"Mind how you talk," said I, looking into her eyes, which, though sometimes as cold as a cat's, were now on fire with temper; with an angry cat's expression in them, too.

"There's thirty of us, and you're a man; and the rest of the girls 'll help," said she. "Lock up the sailors that's left, and sail away."

"No," I answered, frowning at her. "Yer always agin what I ask."

I grasped her by the arm. "If the sailors overhear you they'll drown you."

We stared at each other, and then she gave me one of her wild, glaring grins, wheeling round immediately afterward, and trying to whistle as she walked away.

"She's so much in love with you," said Kate, "she'd kill you for jealousy, if you provoked her."

"Then she mustn't know, or I'm a dead man," I answered.

She did not ask me to explain myself.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHO SAILORS DECIDE.

While Brigstock was on shore, I stood out to improve my offing. My crew of women filled on the topsail, braced up, hauled taut to windward, and coiled down as smartly as any forecastle company. When I had increased the distance by about half a mile, the girls backed the yards again. The fellow at the helm steered with a face of admiration while this was doing.

I constantly swept the island with the telescope; but the vegetation was wonderfully thick and rich, and, when Brigstock's boat had entered one of the green, shady creeks, I saw no more of the men. Sometimes I did strain my ear, fancying I caught a sound of firearms. Imagination was lively, and I'd see a movement down in the vegetation near the shore as of something creeping and black, with a greasy gleam. But the glass resolved me nothing, save bushes, and tall grasses, and trees, when I directed it at the spot.

About 7 o'clock I came on deck, after taking some supper, and saw the boat. My heart beat hard at the sight of her. She came along leisurely; the partners screamed a welcome when she was within earshot, and the rowers looked round and nodded, but they pulled like men dead beat. The first to come over the side was Brigstock; Miss Cobbs darted from under the break of the poop to meet him, and they stood together talking for some moments very earnestly, he holding her by both hands.

I composed my face, but my heart beat hard with anxiety while I walked the poop, waiting for Brigstock. He arrived presently, moving very slowly.

"Well?" said I.

"It's a beautiful island, capt'n."

"Will it suit you?"

"We believe it will, sir."

"Believe!"

"We're all agreed it'll answer," said he, raising his voice that the man at the wheel, who was straining his ear, might hear him. "But," he continued, talking as much at that worthy as at me, "afore we decide, our partners must view it."

"That's but right."

I stepped to the side to see what they were doing in the boat, and found them handing up a quantity of cocoanuts and plantains to the women. Brigstock sung out for fruit for the captain. I observed that only the partners were to be regaled, and asked for a few nuts and clusters, as a treat for some of my own people. Then, as the dark was drawing down, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and my crew of girls braced the topsail yard to the wind.

There was nothing for it but to stand on and off throughout the night, and keep a bright lookout for reefs. Fortunately, the moon gave a clear light, and robed the island in a mist of silver which shone faintly upon the sea, so that we could never lose sight of the land. All this night long I was up and down. The women kept the decks till 11; and some of the partners were talking to the sailors down in the waist, where the moonlight lay bright, after eight bells had struck.

Dawn found us off the island again; and soon after sunrise the ship was full of life. It was just such weather as had shone yesterday, with the same gushing of wind, only weaker. The men got breakfast early, doing nothing to the ship save laying the topsail to the mast. The women were at breakfast in the 'tween decks, when the crew cleaned out the longboat and hoisted her over the side.

There was a big party of them to go ashore; and they needed a boat of some burden.

Brigstock conversed with me on the poop, while the men were at this job. He told me there were no signs of life on the island. They had looked about them carefully and discovered nothing to tell that the spot had been inhabited at any period. He said if he took possession in the name of Queen Victoria, would it belong to England, or to him and his party as its settlers?

I said if they settled the island, Great Britain was not likely to dispossess them. If they flourished they'd call themselves a dependency, and England would send out help to enable them to fight their enemies should they be attacked.

"We shan't want no help," said he, "for we don't hintend no fighting. Who's a-going to attack us? There's some custom in taking possession; can yer name it, sir?"

"Hoist the British flag, and say, 'I take possession in the Queen's name, and then call for three cheers.'"

"Suppose it's been already took possession of by the French?"

"They may attempt to turn you out; you appeal to your native country; you become the subject of a long diplomatic correspondence, and perhaps the occasion of a war; and the name of Brigstock passes into tradition, as not only a father of South Sea settlments, but a creator of history."

He relished all this with one of his slow smiles, and, after eyeing the island for a while, stepped to the rail to see what they were at in the boat.

Observing Alice Perry on the quarter-deck, I bade her pipe, "all hands shift clothes." One of twenty women overhanging the bulwark rail called to me:

"Capt'n, mayn't we go on shore for a treat?"

I shook my head.

"Why not?" cried Emma Marks.

I answered with a second, and turned my back. Gladly would I have sent the poor women ashore for a run for the day, to eat the sweet tropical fruit, and refresh themselves at the cold, bright springs, and forget their dreary habitation of 'tween decks in the twinkling shadows of the rich woods. But who was to put them ashore and bring them off, and be responsible for their safety when landed?

Not until 10 o'clock did the longboat get away. There went in her eleven men and all the chosen females. Bull and Jackson remained in the ship.

While the boat was going ashore, I observed Perry and three or four others in earnest conversation. All my girl company, male-attired, were on the poop. Perry and the girl she talked with came and asked me to proceed on the voyage. I pointed to the longboat, and said, "And leave those people?"

"Yes," cried Alice passionately.

"We had enough of this yesterday, my girl," said I.

Her face darkened, and she exclaimed, "Why are we kept waiting? What's those beasts there doing that they're to keep us messing about here, while they goes ashore and enjies them

decided to settle that island yonder; in a few days we should be heading for Australia; in a month, under God, we should have arrived at Sydney! Never had my spirits danced so in all my years! Had they sung anything but hymns, I should have capered to the music.

While I walked, talking with great excitement to this girl—think of our teeming topics! the island scheme, the passage to Sydney with girls for a crew, the afterward—a tall, stoutly built woman, named Sarah Thomas, came along the poop and stopped us.

"Capt'n, may I have a word?"

"What is it?"

"D'yer think the notion of living upon that there island," said she, pointing to a black mass of it on the quarter, "is worth entertaining?"

"By whom?"

"By me and some others."

"They don't want you."

"Why, not?" she exclaimed, with some heat. "We wouldn't meddle with them. We'd be a separate establishment. They sint got no right to all the island. We'd choose bits of ground in a separate part; the men 'ud build 'omes for us, and in return we'd wash for them, wait upon 'em, clean, and do their herrants. A plenty we could do," she added suspiciously, as though afraid of my laughter.

Laugh I did, nevertheless; and, to get rid of her, bade her go to Brigstock. She went away muttering sulkily; and, at the head of the ladder, called to others below aggressively, "He says they don't want us. As if bein' single, we wasn't of use. They can't take it all. I swears not have fully. Who's them sailors to grant rights?" and thus calling, she sank down the ladder, and vanished.

We were off the island again in our former position before daybreak. The longboat was brought to the gangway, and all three remaining boats lowered. The hatches were then opened, and the men went to work to break out the goods they meant to take. The bales of clothes were easily come at, and before breakfast they had loaded the gig with bundles of attire, male and female. Such bountiful appropriation was nothing short of piracy. I could not reconcile so very downright a robbery with the excellent principles professed by Brigstock. There went. I dare say, the value of the men's pay down to this time, in the gig's lading alone. But I resolved to hold my peace. So far as I was concerned, they might gut the ship, if they left me the wherewithal to carry her to Sydney.

After breakfast they started again, and got a whip to the winch to sway some of the heavy things out of the hold. I begged Brigstock to break out in such fashion as to give the ship no list, for the women would be unable to trim her; he promised to see to it. He also consented, if the weather permitted, to raft some casks ashore, and fill them with fresh water when they were done with their own business. As I have elsewhere said, the ship's lading consisted largely of agricultural implements; but the catalogue of commodities also comprised many articles always needed by young settlements, particularly districts distant from a cargo-fed source such as Sidney. Brigstock, no doubt, before I was stolen out of the Caroline, had acquainted himself with the character of the Earl of Leicester's freight; it was this, perhaps, that set his colonizing scheme going. Anyway, down in our ship's hold was nearly all that a gang of settlers would need. Figure the contents of a large ironmonger's shop; then add a ready-made tailor's establishment; enlarge with a quantity of plowshares, rakes, hoes, pickaxes, and so forth; there were bales of coarse blankets in the forehold, and which was of great consequence to the Brigstock party, a considerable stock of household stuff, such as small square looking-glasses, cheap crockery in crates, folding chairs, and bedsteads.

They had four boats, and all were filled by noon; so that, after getting some dinner and smoking a pipe, they were able to start right away for the island. The longboat, which hoisted sail, took the other boats in tow. Brigstock was in charge, and went with eight men, leaving three behind. There was a pleasant little inshore breeze, and, as we lay hove-to within a mile of the shore, the boats soon vanished in the green and shady creek the men had headed for on previous occasions. They were absent two hours; then returned rowing.

All this while the weather continued splendid and quiet, for which my heart beat in gratitude every time I looked round the sea, for I was already bitterly sick of this business of loitering; I was feverishly eager for the start, the more so because of that sort of nervousness that makes you crazy to make an end of the difficulty; is it a tooth or an arm? In the name of the angels, quick! that it may be over! Before me lay the task of sailing the ship for a month, and perhaps longer, through perilous water, with only women to work the vessel, and myself the sole navigator. You'll suppose I wished it bedtime, and all well.

They went away with a second cargo of four boatfuls in the afternoon, two hours before sundown. All the partners helped at the winch, and were busy wherever they could be useful. I kept my own girls dressed in male attire on the poop, which diminished the main deck crowd; but there were nearly fifty others to hang about, to get in the way of the men, to pass remarks, to strive, in short, to breed trouble.

The worst of these was Sarah Thomas, who, with others, wanted to go ashore with the Brigstock party. I learned from Kate that Thomas had spoken to Brigstock, and that he had sternly refused to take any other than the men's own women. Hot words had followed, and in revenge a mob of the girls who wished to settle, Thomas acting as ringleader, went about the deck, calling insolent remarks down to the sailors in the boats, or in the hold, whenever they caught sight of them, mocking and sneering at the "pardners," and making themselves offensive in that sot of way in which people of their condition are usually artists. The men took but little notice of them.

The surprising part was the enthusiasm of the women who were to take up their abode on the island with the seamen. They kept together, and throughout the day laughed and talked and sang; bustling about in a gang to help the men, all with faces glowing with holiday pleasure and happy expectations. I never witnessed the least suggestion in them of hanging back. My notion had been, the recoil in them would have been fatal to Brigstock's scheme, when a day of staring had staled the island as a picture, and when they noticed how blank was the circle of sea, how lonely that spot of land in the midst of it; nothing alive moving upon its white beach; no feathering of smoke anywhere to indicate human existence. But, in truth, imagination in those poor, rude, homely souls stopped at perception that yonder was a piece of country, which they were at liberty to divide among them, where every woman would have a husband, where they'd build houses, and plant gardens, and lounge their lives away, wiping out of memory all the unpleasant parts—the severe mistresses, the month's notice, the bad character.

Another night drew down; a night of moonlight and silence upon the sea; the soft wind blew, the stars trembled in their hosts; again the Brigstock party sang hymns upon the forecastle till 9 o'clock, and till 11 sat talking there. Most of the women went to bed early; they were sick of this detention, weary of the sight of land they were not permitted to visit, and many were sulky and gloomy with envy.

By noon, however, next day, the men had carried ashore all they proposed to take, including a raft of spare booms, and a couple of ensigns. Hospitably had the hold served them! Two bundles with provisions, chiefly tinned goods, which sight so alarmed me that I went below before they put off, to ascertain what supplies they intended to leave us. There was not plenty, indeed, but I reckoned there would be enough, unless we should be sorely put to it by head winds or foul weather; of beef and pork they took as much as the gig could swim with. This was to be their last load; and with a whole squadron of spare booms in tow, and three boats laden down to the gunwales, away they went in the longboat, raising a mighty cheering, which was answered by a hundred shrill cries by their partners, who waved hats, shawls, hands in a most impassioned, grotesque exhibition of encouragement and Wapping-like devotion.

Brigstock had kept his word, and left the ship on a level keel; basing my calculations on the burden of the longboat and the other three boats, I reckoned they had taken about fifty tons of goods.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"Our Great West," which is published by Harper and Brothers, New York city, is further described upon the title page as a study of the present conditions and future possibilities of the new commonwealths and capitals of the United States. The author, Mr. Julian Ralph, who is konwn by his works "On Canada's Frontier," "Chicago and the World's Fair" and others, has done a great service for Americans and indeed for Europeans as well in thus giving the latest and most intelligent, as well as reliable views of the great West after having taken the trouble to thoroughly inform himself by close contact with the places and people forming the subject of his studies.

"The Wheel of Time," by Henry James, published by Harper and Brothers, New York, includes three stories: "The Wheel of Time," Collaboration," and "Owen Wingrave." These stories have to do with English life. "The Wheel of Time" opens the volume with a society sketch, in which the ingenious match-making plans of certain people in good social standing are followed by unexpected results.

Another volume from the same house is "The Two Salomes," by Maria Louisa Pool. This is a New England love story with dramatic situations, in which the heroine, a warm-hearted girl, becomes a striking study of "invincible heredity." There is a pathetic thread woven through the story of her love which will excite query and discussion over the ethical problem presented.

"On the Road Home," by Margaret E. Sangster, is a volume of poems published by the Harpers. It is made up of poems originally published in Harper's Bazar and Weekly, The Congregationalist, The Christian Intelligencer, Ladies' Home Journal, Home-Maker, and the Sunday School Times.

The Raphael Tuck and Sons company, 388 Broadway, New York city, announce a literary competition which must have an influence in an educational way upon the children of this country and for that reason should be widely known. They have issued four finely illustrated books with the following titles: "Told by the Sunbeams," "All but One Told by the Flowers," "Sunny Tales for Sunny Days," and "Peeps Into Pictureland." The books are models of neatness, both in print and illustration. At the close of each book are several blank pages, and upon one is marked "My Prize Story." On the opening page of each volume are the rules laid down by which each reader is authorized to write a story in competition for a prize. The sum of $1,500 is to be divided into prizes for the best original stories written by the children owning the books.

A very valuable work is now being issued by James T. White & Co., of New York city, entitled "National Cyclopedia of Biography," which will be one of the most complete for reference of anything in its line ever issued. It will consist of twelve volumes, each a large octavo of 600 pages in the finest press work of the day, and handsomely bound. Portraits accompany most of the sketches and add charm to the biographies. The work is a most valuable one.

Published by the F. A. Stokes company, of New York, the new edition of Owen Meredith's "Lucile" comes well recommended. Beautifully bound in crimson and tan with a heart-shaped painted medallion upon the cover, the poem is printed on handsome paper. The main beauty of this new edition, however, consists in twelve fine fac similes of water color paintings, by Thomas McIlvaine, together with numerous illustrations in black and white by Thomas McIlvaine and Frank M. Gregory.

One of Helen Dawes Brown's charming stories, "The Petrie Estate," is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. The plot, which is original is developed in an easy, graceful fashion which makes the story a decidedly fascinating one.

"The Romance of a French Parsonage," is a pretty, charmingly told story of French life by M. Betham-Edwards, author of "Forestalled," "The Parting of the Ways," etc. The incidents are natural and vivacious, the plot well constructed. Lowell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth street, New York, publishers.

The Tucker Calendar for 1894, comprises twelve fac-similes of water-color designs by Elizabeth S. Tucker. The designs are those of child life, and are exceptionally original and pretty. This dainty calendar is published by the Frederick A. Stokes company, of New York.

The letters presented to the public in "A Japanese Interior," by Alice Mabel Bacon, were written during an experience of life in Japan, somewhat different from that of the average foreign resident in the East. The author's call to the Orient came to her from a school for noble girls under the Household department. Work in such a school naturally brought the teacher into close contact with the refined and cultivated of Japanese women, and the result of such contact is manifest in the charming volume recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & company, of Boston.

As charming a story as we have read in many a day is "An Adirondack Idyl," by Lida Ostrom Vanamee. As the title indicates, the scene is laid in the Adirondacks, but the "Idyl" deals not with the "natives," but with the lives and loves of those who spend their summers in the mountains, the Idylers—if we may coin a word—being men and women of the world.

Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood **poisoned with canker.** His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it **saved his sight,** even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son." ARBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition and proportion.

SHRINES OF HISTORY

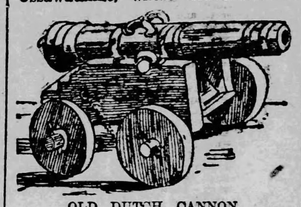
PILGRIMAGE FOR PATRIOTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Relics Full of Memories Recall Men and Women Who Made the Exposition Possible.

Just as the first and superficial impression of the World's Fair is one of delight in its beauty, so the last and most profound is one of gratitude for the privilege of worship at so many shrines of history and tradition. For there are shrines in the White City, the way to which has been worn smooth by millions of pilgrims who have paused reverently to look upon the watch carried by Washington, the candelabra by which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and the cradle in which the great emancipator rocked his children.

I wish there might have been a building where all these relics could have been gathered together and grouped appropriately, so that each of our great men might have been realized in his own environment, for the impression on the great number would have been more distinct and lasting. As it is, they must have been seen many times, or each separately, and with a basis of a wider knowledge of national history and romance than most of us possess, in order to be of permanent value.

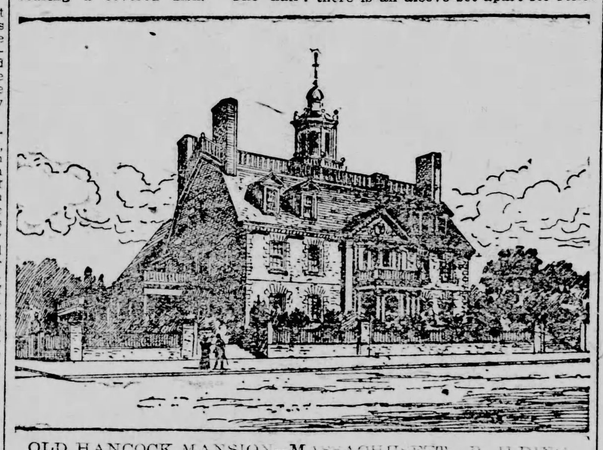
But to him who comes with intimate acquaintance with rare monographs it is best to see them isolated, as were the original scenes of action. Such would have Mount Vernon sit on a swell of land sloping down to a stream, in the midst of a wide plantation an hour's journey from a neighbor; the doors hospitably wide, a hubbub of farmyard noises and a procession of little darkies winding over the stone causeway between the kitchen and the dining-room, each bearing a covered dish. The hall



OLD DUTCH CANNON.

creole. Surely Mme. Delphine is as true and pathetic a figure. So many of the states have chosen some certain note unmistakably, and instantly one gets the most picturesque and obvious impression. Thus Hiawatha, in front of the Minnesota building, bears Minnehaha in his arms "over rushing streams and rivers;" Pennsylvania has simply a fine casket for the Liberty Bell, and what memories with it! Kansas has John Brown, of Ossawatamie, whose brave soul is enough to keep any state or nation marching on in the path of justice and mercy; Kentucky has an old Kentucky home, with the portraits of early blue grass belles smiling down on a circular hall large enough to suggest aquarter-mile heat. And Illinois! Well, Illinois has a few Lincoln relics and some furniture from the Pierre Menard mansion at Old Kaskaskia, when it might have had all those treasures from Springfield housed in a French country seat with open stone court and gallery.

I wonder what treasures of history still lie remote from towns that might have been here! The Hermitage, for one—in fac simile, with its avenue of cedars and ghostly corinthian pillars and the temple tomb in the garden odorous with magnolias. Monticello for another and the Wayside Inn. But we have old Fort Monroe, where starfish and chameleons are offered for sale on the bastions; the San Miguel mission-house, where the only beads told are navel oranges strung on wires. Though, indeed, there is an alcove set apart for relics



OLD HANCOCK MANSION—MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING.

seems filled with a military presence, beside which is a bustling colonial dame, and peeping through the door of the music-room is a dark, piquant face, and a glimpse of an empire gown and red-heeled shoes.

All day long visitors pass from room to room. They gaze on the quaint old portraits and furniture, touch Nelly Custis's harpsichord, and try to coax a musical note from the yellow keys, look upon the throngs outside, through the tiny window panes; gaze at Trumbull's portrait of Washington in the state dining room and the carven closet full of old blue china and the buffet and massive table in the family breakfast room. But nearer than all to inner life of the family are the low-ceiled chambers in which they slept—the high, four-post beds, chests of drawers, candlesticks and snuffers, mahogany, bed curtains, fringed counterpanes, and the little step ladder on which Nelly Custis knelt to say her prayers, and then climbed into bed, where she lay in a valley with a mountain of feathers on either side.

Everything in the house has a certain massiveness and stateliness. The furniture is heavy and handsome, the silver solid, the rooms spacious, but it is also patriarchal and compatible with busy plantation life, so that any rainy day you can look out from the wide portal of the hall and feel the same anxiety for some passerby that the mistress of Mount Vernon felt for its master, who in his daily ride about the estate contracted a fatal cold.

The Hancock mansion is different. I never went into it without feeling about me an atmosphere of rustling brocades, powdered hair, shoe buckles and gold lace. It seems to be lighted, even in the daytime, from top to bottom, with a hundred candles in silver candelabra and a tall footman is forever moving about, snuffers in hand. The great punchbowl on the mahogany sideboard is constantly replenished, and high-heeled slippers keep

WASHINGTON RELICS—VIRGINIA BUILDING.

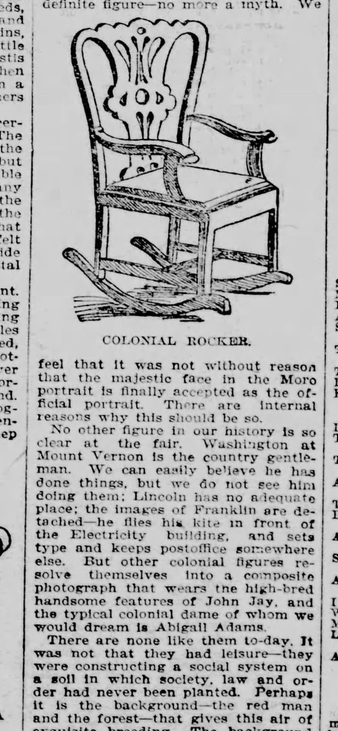
time to the minuet. You can, indeed, believe that people slept, when the dancing was done, in the great four posters, and that letters were written at the mahogany secretary, that was brought from London at a cost of $500, detailing the triumphs of colonial belles.

The portraits of high-born dames and courtly gentlemen adorn the walls, silver and china and tapestry and revolutionary swords. That is a strange thing to think about in connection with dishes fit to set before kings—revolution. And stranger yet to think of birth and death, pain and sorrow where all wears so gala an aspect. Glass cases are filled with stiffest brocades, embroideries, jewels, miniatures, seals and crests, social diaries and correspondence, family plate and china and bric-a-brac from the farthest corners of the world when they were much farther than to-day. I was thinking as I looked at a closet crowded with ginger jars and ceramic treasures of Cathay that I would read again those delightful essays of Eleanor Putnam's on "Old Salem Cupboards."

There is a room in the New York building that is as delightfully Dutch as any Spuyten Duyvil conceit of Irving. Especially does a portrait of a maiden saved in the massacre of Schenectady testify to the discrimination of the Five Nations. Why should they kill a maid who must have furnished infinite diversion by standing like a flat paper doll with her impossible feet pointed in opposite directions. For the rest there are tankards and other evidences of good cheer that caused the Knickerbockers to be reviled by their Puritan neighbors.

Meantime far away, "in sultry southern savannahs," the exiled Acadians were dwelling in such homes as the State of Louisiana has chosen for its typical dwelling. Another Acadian maid, with "eyes as black as sloes," sits at the loom and weaves pieces of homespun and flaxcloth, and many a youth "knows not which beats the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron," as he comes to gaze on this nineteenth century Evangeline at her primitive task.

I do not know why Louisiana should have chosen to exhibit this almost vanished race rather than the



COLONIAL ROCKER.

feel that it was not without reason that the majestic face in the Moro portrait is finally accepted as the official portrait. There are internal reasons why this should be so.

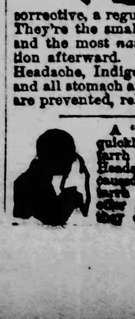
No other figure in our history is so clear at the fair. Washington at Mount Vernon is the country gentleman. We can easily believe he has done things, but we do not see him doing them; Lincoln has no adequate place; the images of Franklin are detached—he flies his kite in front of the Electricity building, and sets type and keeps postoffice somewhere else. But other colonial figures resolve themselves into a composite photograph that wears the high-bred handsome features of John Jay, and the typical colonial dame of whom we would dream is Abigail Adams.

There are none like them to-day. It was not that they had leisure—they were constructing a social system on a soil in which society, law and order had never been planted. Perhaps it is the background—the red man and the forest—that gives this air of exquisite breeding. The background is here, too, in the Indian reservation and school, in the Ethnologic building, in the Smithsonian models and in the retrospective section of the Fine Arts building, where madder and Venetian red are laid on broadly. Against it who so exquisite as Sara Livingstone, afterward Mrs. John Jay? Not any belle of this decade.

Indeed, you can construct any historic scene you will from the arrival of Columbus to the settlement of the great American desert from material at the fair. You can picture a trial for witchcraft, a PuritanSabbath, a plantation ball, life in a pioneer cabin, an Acadian exile, the march of Cortes on the palace of Montezuma, Capt. Smith's rescue and Custer's last charge, a New England town-meeting and a modern Presidential election. It makes one pause to think this latest achievement, the World's Columbian Exposition, once a thing of the past, can never be reconstructed by the imagination.

Nora Marks

A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION, plenty of sitting down and not much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently *cure* Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most *natural* remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.



A "COLD IN THE HEAD" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. It is the only one that has any record of cures that can be relied on.

COUNTING FAIR PROFITS.

The Ferris Wheel Leads the List—Other Concessions.

Joe Howard, writing of the World's Fair to the New York Press, says that the concessionaires have made money despite the financial stringency which affected them, as it did every one else. The last two months have saved them.

The Ferris wheel has made more for its owners and more for the Fair than any other single concession in spite of the early predictions that it would prove an enormous loss. The wheel cost $392,000. No part of its receipts was paid to the Exposition until $300,000 of the amount had been paid back into the treasury of its owners. Then the Exposition claimed one-half of the gross earning. The managers of the wheel estimate that they have had in round numbers 2,000,000 passengers, which would mean a clear $700,000 profit to be divided between the owners and the Exposition.

The Intramural road cost $750,000, and the managers have received in cash not far from $550,000, and of that 25 per cent. goes to the Fair. The German village has paid the Exposition $150,000, about 20 per cent. of its total receipts. The village cost about $800,000, and is as good as new to be set up and operated elsewhere.

It is stated that the Irish village, together with Blarney Castle and Donegal Castle, will turn over to the Irish Industries Association nearly $10,000. The beauty show is a great winner. It has paid dividends almost from the first of the Fair.

The Javanese village folks will not take home any great amount of American dollars when they depart on November 2, although it has been one of the most attractive shows on the Midway. The Turkish, Persian and Algerian villages have all done reasonably well. The danse du ventre has been their salvation.

The ice railway has lost money—a good deal, according to its managers. The Dahomey village has done a big business. The Lapland village has done fairly well. So has the ostrich farm.

The Wellington Company, which operates 46 restaurants of various kinds, has made a barrel of money, and the Roller Chair Company has had a profitable season.

The Dahomey village and Hagenback's animal show will go to New York after the Fair.

—Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

BRILLIANTS.

"My True Love Lies Asleep."

My true love lies asleep
In some most lovely place;
She had a lily in her hand,
A smile upon her face.

The dear white roses come
And climb about her there;
The sweetest winds you ever heard
Go singing down the air.

The roses climb so high,
The grasses grow so deep,
You cannot see her where she lies,
A-smiling in her sleep.

—Lisette Reese.

Aster Miser.

How can that a miser be,
Spends itself in charity,
Entertains, and feeds with grace,
All this blooming populace!
Little peaceful myrmidons
Mustering in September suns,
Peeping stars in every gaze
At the march of nights and days!

Aster miser? No, indeed!
Idle is the tale they read,
Who proclaim thy bounty scant.
Say to them, O slandered plant,
Not one blossom thou wouldst spare
Of the many thou dost bear;
Say thy love is open-eyed so
'T will feed more, and further go!

—Edith M. Thomas.

An Atumn Picture.

A soft, gray sky, marked here and there,
With tangled iron-work of bare boughs,
A little far-off, fading hone,
A blurred, blank mass of hills, that wear
A thickening vale of lifeless air,
Which no wind comes to rouse.

Insipid silence everywhere;
The waveless waters hardly flow,
In silence laboring flies the crow,
Without a shadow, over the bare,
Deserted meadows, that prepare
To sleep beneath the snow.

—Robert Kelley Weeks.

The Harvest.

The thistle sows her airy host
To every breeze that blows;
On every coast the traveler sees
The seed the thistle sows.
Your barns are all an idle boast;
In vain are hedges and wall;
The thistle sows her airy host
To pass beyond them all.

The crop of grain, without a care,
Is cast to field and plain;
But what is there to reap the yield
On board the flying train?
The sport of mocking earth and air,
Her scattered wealth appears;
For she who sows without a care
Can never bind the ears!

—Dora Read Goodale.

Since no thing can perish in its germ,
Man's spirit cannot die. It still must live.
Eternal life is his. The sun may fade,
And hoary Time may totter with his years;
Still, fresh and fair, man's life of life remains.
The stars will pass away, but in man's soul
The star of immortality will shine
From life to Life, a luminous intelligence,
Forever and forever.

—Frederick Gerhard.

I'm no reformer; for I see more light
Than darkness in the world. Mine eyes are quick
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,
To note the cloud that threatens storm.
The fragrance and beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give the thorn;
And the sweet music of the lark's clear song
Stays longer with me than the night-hawk's cry.
And even in this great throe of pain, called life,
I find a rapture linked with each despair,
Well worth the price of anguish. I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

To Relieve Hard Times.

A chance to earn $500 in the next three months is something worthy of everybody's attention in such a season as this. The publishers of Farm-Poultry, Boston, Mass., the best poultry paper published in the world, make an offer to our readers affording an opportunity for some one if active to earn that amount or more. If interested send at once to I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St. Boston, Mass., a once ct. stamp for full particulars regarding above.

A Pretty Penwiper.

A student penwiper for the library writing table makes a pretty present. Take the china head of a doll (a black haired one looks less frivolous), and make a student's cap with a bit of black silk, gluing the black silk-covered square of cardboard on to the

cap, and fastening a little tassel in the center. A stiff white collar and tie for the neck and half a dozen thicknesses of black cloth complete the costume and form the penwiper.

Music Free to You.

By sending 10 cents, stamps or silver, for three months' trial subscription to American Nation, a charming magazine, you will also receive FREE, 12 complete pieces of popular music. Address American Nation Pub. Co., 35 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

An Unwelcome Prescription.

Mr. Staylate (an anglomaniac)—I can not imagine why our climate is so—oh, so enervating, don't you know.

Miss Hostess—(as the clock strikes 12)—You must try our American tonic of get-up-and-get.—Detroit Free Press.

A Queen's Hobby.

The Queen of Italy finds an entrancing hobby in collecting the shoes of past celebrities. She possesses the shoes worn by Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, and others, and pleases a very high value upon her unique collection.

The Sunday School.

The Grace of Liberality.

LESSON VII, NOVEMBER 12, 1893.

Golden Text—He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. viii, 9.

LESSON TEXT.

(2 Cor. viii, 1-12.)

1. Moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia;

2. How that in the great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality.

3. For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power they were willing of themselves;

4. Praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints.

5. And this as they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God.

6. Insomuch that we desired Titus, that as he had begun, so he would finish in in you the same grace also.

7. Therefore, as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also.

8. I speak not by commandment, but by occasion of the forwardness of others, and to prove the sincerity of your love.

9. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

10. And herein I give my advice: for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago.

11. Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have.

12. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

Illustrative Applications.

We made known unto you the grace of God which hath been given in the churches of Macedonia (v. 1). All good is of God. If a man does well, God is to be praised for it. The responsibility for the performance is with man, but his success depends on God's sustaining grace. A sense of this truth does not tend to lessen man's striving to make progress by determined personal effort, but it does tend to make him reliant on God's help in his striving. The same principle is operative in all realms of human action. If soldiers bear themselves bravely, their commander has credit accordingly. If workmen are exceptionally efficient, their employer is recognized as worthy of commendation for having such men, and for inciting them to such service. If pupils pass a good examination, it reflects honor on their teacher. If children are well behaved, it shows that they have been well trained by their parents. And if any of us refrain from evil-doing, the grace of God is shown in our holding back from ruin.

How that in much proof of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality (v. 2). Affliction and deep poverty are not ordinarily counted among the helps to rich liberality and abundant joy. But, as a matter of fact, there is more good giving from the poor people than from rich ones, and the joy of giving and doing is greater in time of affliction than of prosperity. It may not seem that this ought to be so, but nevertheless it is. Unless we give liberally while we are in straitened circumstances, we should not give liberally if our means were more abundant. This is a thought worth considering in these hard times. Now is our opportunity to give with joyousness and liberality.

First they gave their own selves to the Lord, and to us by the will of God (v. 5). That is the true order of things. The only place where self should come first is in loving surrender to God, and in loving devotion to God's dear ones. But until one's self is given to a good cause, one's gifts to that cause are of minor importance. And where one's self is given, one's gifts are of increased value. Peculiarly is this true in church work; the gift of self should precede every other contribution, but it should not be the last gift. In this truth lies the force of the suggestion that "personal consecration" should be spelled "purse-and-all consecration."

We exhorted Titus, that as he had made a beginning before, so he would also complete in you this grace also (v. 6). A good beginning is only a beginning. And a good beginning increases one's responsibility for continuing as well as he began. If one has begun well, he ought to be incited and encouraged to continue in his chosen course. Parents, teachers, pastors, ought to recognize their duty of stimulating those under them to continuance in well-doing. When a good commencement can be looked back upon, a good completion ought to be looked forward to.

I speak not by way of commandment, but as proving through (testing by comparison with) the earnestness of others the sincerity also of your love (v. 8). Telling another what he must do is a poor way of helping him onward and upward. But suggesting to him, in love, what others in like circumstances have done in a line of well-doing which he is competent to pursue, may be a wise and effective method of instruction. We want a friend to do well. If we trust him, we are sure to feel that he will do well when he sees his duties and his privileges clearly. Hence we may endeavor to hold before him worthy ideals and commendable examples, in order to influence him aright. But at the best the counseling a friend to better his course is a delicate matter, and even an inspired apostle feels that he must have a care not to trench on the personal independence of those whom he would help in this way.

If the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as a man hath not according as he hath not (v. 12). An old divine said to his people, in a charity sermon, "Remember that the Lord looks not so much at what you have given, as at what you have got left." And that was the idea of our Lord in his commendation of the widow's gift of her two mites: "Verily I say unto you, this poor widow cast in more than all they which are casting into the treasury, for they all did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Mr. Moody once said that no man had a right to say he was "giving a widow's mite" to a good cause unless he gave half his entire property to it. Judging by this standard, we can see that our liberality is to be measured by what we give in our poverty, and not by what we think we would give if we were rich.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

Had Met Before.

Hostess—Miss Beautie, Mr. Goodheart.

Mr. Goodheart—Miss Beautie and I have met before.

Miss Beautie—Why, so we have. I thought your face seemed familiar.

Mr. Goodheart—Yes, I am one of the men you accepted last summer.—Exchange.

California.

New and interesting books about California, its climate and productions, and general information, sent free. Address A. Phillips & Co., 104 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Still Booming.

Eastern Man—How are things in Dugout City now?

Western Man—Booming, just a-booming. Why, I happened to want a little spending money last week and it didn't take me half an hour to get a third mortgage on my house.—New York Weekly.

Early Hours.

City Boarder (at farm-house)—Do you still use candles here?

Mr. Hayseed—No, siree. In the winter we use a lamp. Don't need it in summer, you know. It's bed-time before it gits dark.—New York Weekly.

DEAF NESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED

Best External Remedy.

A cold affects different people very differently. One has a dry cough, hoarseness, sore throat, and a general congested feeling. He needs an Allcock's Porous Plaster on the chest and high up between the shoulder blades.

In another person the cold attacks the stomach, bringing on indigestion. He should put an Allcock's Porous Plaster over the pit of the stomach.

With some people a cold manifests itself immediately in the back. There are shooting pains, or a stiffness which makes it extremely difficult to stand erect after stooping over. For those the one thing needful is an Allcock's Porous Plaster on the small of the back.

Wherever the pain may be there is the place for an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

the best external remedy known in such cases.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Bloody Milk From Cow.

J. L. Colorado: It may be that the disease has run so long that permanent induration or hardening has occured. The case should have been attended to as soon as discovered. However, it will be well for you to try treatment. Give the cow 3-8 lb. Epsom salts, 1-4 oz. ginger and a teacupful of molasses in a quart of warm water. If you have been giving the cow a tablespoonful of saltpetre once a day right along, stop it at once, but if it has not been administered for three or four weeks, follow the salts with an ounce of saltpetre in drinking water once a day for five days. Milk the cow not less than three times a day, very carefully. Do not strip the teats or pull on them. Empty the udder by gently squeezing the teats. Keep the cow away from draughts of cold air. Do not allow her to lie on the ground or ground floor of stall. Feed no corn, oil cake or other heating food. Open the teats that are caked with a small quill (a milking tube is better), but be careful not to push it up into the udder. Take of carbonate of soda 1 teaspoonful, and of warm water 1-2 pint; stir the soda well in the water, and inject into the teats with a small syringe. Mix 4 ozs. of glycerine with 1 drachm of iodide of potassium, dissolved in as little water as will make a creamy solution. Rub this well in where the caking is observable. The udder should be gently kneaded, and the solution rubbed in with the palm of the hand, so as to get up friction. Give the cow after the saltpetre, 1 oz. hyposulphate of soda daily for ten days on scalded bran or cut feed.

Incubators.

A. B., New York: To give you the information you require regarding incubators, it would occupy at least two columns in The Blade, which would take up too much space just now. The Blade has had different kinds of incubators illustrated and how to run them. If you have not the back numbers of The Blade, will later on try to give information asked.

Lame in Front Left Leg of Mare.

J. M. B., Illinois: As the lameness is on the knee-cap and just below, you are advised to foment the part well twice a day with hot water—not boiling hot. This may be done by dipping woolen cloths in the water, squeezing them sufficiently to prevent the water running down the leg. Do not allow the water to become cold on the leg, but renew the wrappings as fast as they show any chill. After fomentation wrap the leg with a flannel dipped in warm vinegar in which a handful of salt is stirred to the quart. Over this flannel wrap more so that the part will be kept snug and warm. This may bring the part around all right, but if not, take of red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 oz. Mix well and apply once a day for five or six days, washing each time before re-applying with warm water and soap and drying well. At the end of the time named, heal with unsalted butter or lard. Have the mare's foot examined for corns.

Horse With Stiff Neck.

T. J., Ohio: Your horse has evidently given the muscles of the neck a wrench. The treatment indicated is: Feel carefully along the neck and if there is unnatural warmth, apply this for a few days, twice a day: Spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; vinegar, 4 oz.; water, 1 pint. The neck should be wrapped with flannel. After using the above, take of iodine, 1-2 oz.; glycerine, 2 ozs.; mercurial ointment, 2 ozs.; olive oil, 6 ozs. Rub this along the neck to cause stimulation. It may not be necessary to rub in more than twice. Keep the neck wrapped. Rub in the evening and next day at noon wash off with warm water and soap. Dry thoroughly and re-apply. On the second day at noon wash off again and keep flannels on for four or five days. If the muscles have not relaxed by that time re-apply the ointment for time given. After the last application is made rub the neck with unsalted lard or vaseline.

Curing Beef and Pork.

J. J. McC., Tennessee:—To each gallon of water add 1-2 lb of salt, 1-2 lb sugar, 1-2 oz. saltpetre and 1-2 oz. potash. Let these be boiled together until all dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold pour it over the pork or beef, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat should be well covered with the pickle and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. Hams cured in this way may be smoked as usual, and will be found excellent.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Who Can Beat Her?

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Who can beat my heifer? She is three-fourths Jersey, will be 3 years old March 1 next, has had 4 calves. There have not been but seventeen months of her life but what she has given milk, and last June she gave from 18 to 20 lbs per day

Talmage's Sermon.

WHAT KIND OF MEN SHALL WE VOTE FOR?

The Very Great Mistake Made by Partisan Newspapers During a Political Campaign.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's subject for this week is of universal application, and at a time when North, South, East and West the right of suffrage is about to be exercised. The theme is patriotic and national, and from a Christian standpoint. The text is, Exodus xx, 18: "And all the people saw the thunderings and lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet and the mountain smoking."

On the eve of election in the sixty counties of this state, and in all the counties of most of the United States, while there are hundreds of nominees to office, it is appropriate and important that I preach this before-election sermon.

My text informs you that the lightnings and earthquakes united their forces to wreck a mountain of Arabia Petrea in olden time, and travelers to-day find heaps of porphyry and greenstone rocks, bowlder against bowlder, the remains of the first law library, written not on parchment or papyrus, but on shattered slabs of granite. The corner-stones of all morality, of all wise law, of all righteous jurisprudence, of all good government, are the two tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. All Roman law, all French law, all English law, all American law that is worth anything, all common law, criminal law, martial law, law of nations were rocked in the cradle of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And it would be well in these times of great political agitation if the newspapers would print the decalogue in the place of the able editorial. The fact is that some people suppose that the law has passed out of existence, and some are not aware of some of the passages of that law, and others say this or that is of the more importance, when no one has any right to make such an assertion. These laws are the pillars of society, and if you remove one pillar you damage the whole structure. I have noticed that men are particularly vehement against sins to which they are not particularly tempted, and find no especial wrath against sins in which they themselves indulge. They take out one gun from this battery of ten guns, and load that, and unlimber that, and fire that. They say, "This is an Armstrong gun, and this a Krupp gun, and this is a Nordenfeldt five-barreled gun, and this is a Gatling ten-barreled gun, and this is a Martigny 37-barreled gun." But I have to tell them that they are all of the same caliber, and that they shoot from eternity. Many questions are before the people in the coming elections all over this land, but I shall try to show you that the most important thing to be settled about all these candidates is their personal, moral character. The Decalogue forbids idolatry, image-making, profanity, maltreatment of parents, Sabbath desecration, murder, theft, incontinence, lying and covetousness. That is the Decalogue by which you and I will have to be tried, and by the same Decalogue you and I must try candidates for office.

Most certainly are we not to take the statement of red-hot partisanship as the real character of the man. From nearly all the great cities of this land I receive daily or weekly newspapers, sent to me regularly and in compliment, so I see both sides—I see all sides—and it is most entertaining and my regular amusement, to read the opposite statements. The one statement says the man is an angel, and the other says he is a devil; and I split the difference and find him half way between. There never has been an honest and respectable man running for the United States Presidency, or for a judgeship, or for the mayoralty, or for the shrievalty, since the foundation of the American government, if we may believe the old files of newspapers in the museums. What a mercy it is that they were not all hung before they were inaugurated! If a man believe one-half of what he sees in the newspapers in these times, his career will be very short outside of Bloomingdale Insane asylum. I was absent two or three years ago during one week of a political canvass, and I was dependent entirely upon what I read in regard to what had occurred in these cities, and I read there was a procession in New York of 5,000 patriots, and a minute after I read in sheet that there were 17,000; and then I read in regard to another procession that there were 10,000, and then I read in another paper that there were 60,000. A campaign orator in the rink or the Academy of Music received a very cold reception—a very chilling reception—said one statement. The other statement said the audience rose at him, so great was the enthusiasm that for a long while the orator could not be heard, and it was only after lifting his hand that the vociferation began to subside! One statement will twist an interview one way, and another statement will twist an interview another way. You must admit it is a very difficult thing in times like these to get a very accurate estimate of a man's character, and I charge you, as your religious teacher, I charge you to caution and to mercifulness and to prayer.

Above all, I charge you do not join in the cry that I have heard—for fifteen, twenty years I have heard it—that there is no such thing as purity. If you make that charge, you are a foul-mouthed scandaler of the human race. You are a leper. Make room for that leper! When a man by pen or type or tongue utters such a slander on the human race that there is no such thing as purity, I know right away that that man himself is a walking lazaretto, a reeking ulcer, and is fit for no society better than that of devils damned. We may enlarge our charities in such a case, but in no such case let's have off of the Ten Commandments. Let them stand as the everlasting defense of society and of the Church of God.

The committing of one sin opens the door for the commission of other sins. You see it every day. Those embezzlers, those bank cashiers absconding as soon as they are brought to justice, develop the fact that they were in all kinds of sin. No exception to the rule. They all kept bad company, they nearly all gambled, they all went to places where they ought not. Why? The commission of the one sin opened the gate for all the other sins. Sins go in flocks, in droves and in herds. You open the door for one sin, that invites in all the miserable segregation.

Some of the campaign orators, this autumn, some of them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, will think no wrong in Sabbath-breaking. All the week, hurling the eighth commandment at one candidate, and the ninth commandment at still another, what are they doing with the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" Breaking it. Is not the fourth commandment as important as the eighth, as the seventh, as the ninth? Some of these political campaign orators, as I have seen them reported in other years, and as I have heard it in regard to them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, yet tossing the name of God from their lips recklessly, guilty of profanity.

What are they doing with the third commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain"—is not the third commandment as important as the other seven? Oh, yes, we find in all departments men are hurling their indignation against sins perhaps to which they are not especially tempted—hurling it against iniquity toward which they are not particularly drawn.

The higher up you put a bad man, the worse is his power for evil. The great fabulist says that the pigeons were in fright at a kite flying in the air, and so these pigeons hovered near the dovecote; but one day the kite said: "Why are you so afraid? why do you pass your life in terror? make me king and I'll destroy all your enemies." So the pigeons made the kite king, and as soon as he got the throne, his regular diet was a pigeon a day. And while one of the victims was waiting for its turn to come, it said: "Served us right!" The malaria of swamps rises from the plain to the height, but moral malaria descends from the mountain to the plain. Be careful, therefore, how you elevate into any style of authority men who are in any wise antagonistic to the Ten Commandments.

As near as I can tell, the most important thing now to be done is to have about 40,000,000 copies of the Sinaitic Decalogue printed and scattered throughout the land.

It was a terrible waste when the Alexandrian library was destroyed, and the books were taken to heat four thousand baths for the citizens of Alexandria. It was very expensive heat. But without any harm to the Decalogue, you could with it heat a hundred thousand baths of moral purification for the American people.

I say we want a tonic—a mighty tonic—a corrective—an all-powerful corrective—and Moses in the text, with steady hand, notwithstanding the jarring mountains and the full orchestra of the tempest and the blazing of the air, pours out the ten drops—no more, no less—which our people need to take for the moral convalescence.

FOR ALCOHOLISM
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. P. P. GILMARTIN, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."

For The Blade.

A PLEA FOR OUR COUNTRY

There's a wail in the land, from the East and the West,
A cry of woe and distress;
And tears fall like rain, while hearts throb with pain,
As work and provisions grow less.

For mills are shut down in city and town,
And hearts are now filled with dread;
As stern winter comes on with pitiless storm,
And there's no place to earn any bread.

Only one gleam of light shoots across the dark night
Of bitter distress in the land;
And it comes from a state, both noble and great,
As the home of Protection so grand.

For McKinley is there and brave men who dare
To bury Free Trade in November;
For they know about, now Protection is out,
How work falls from June to December.

For women will pray all through the long day,
That not a vote shall be lost,
By staying away from the polls that day,
No matter how great be the cost.

For Free Trade is strong, if we do think it wrong,
And will not tamely give way;
Then vote every man for dear native land
And the women and children that pray.

Appleton, Wis. E. C. H.

A GOOD GEOGRAPHY GAME.

Every bright boy—or girl, either—likes a game that exercises the wits. Here is a capital one for a rainy day or a long evening.

A leader is chosen, and every player has pencil and paper. The leader then selects a word, "Republican," for instance, and each player writes all the geographical names he can think of, beginning with R, the first letter of the word.

Three minutes is usually allowed for each letter, though a longer or shorter time may be fixed, if desired. When the leader calls "Time," every one should stop writing.

The leader then reads his column of names, and as he calls a word all others who have it say "Yes," drawing a line through it. If all have the word, that is the end of it. If in case some have failed to write it, then the fortunate ones who have it, write after the word the number of those who did not. When the leader has finished, the player at his left reads his remaining words, writing numbers after them as before. Of course he will read at least one on every word, since the leader failed to have any of them. If the next player has any words left, he reads them, getting at least two on each; the next then reads his, and so on through the company. Then each player adds the numbers at the right of his words and writes down the total.

Now, all being ready for the second letter, the leader calls "Begin," and all proceed to write words which commenced with E. When the leader calls "Time," the one on his left begins to read, counting just as before. Each letter in the word is treated in the same way, and when the last is finished, each player adds his points, and the won who has the most wins the game. The company may be divided, so that half shall combine against the other half. Then, instead of an individual, it is a side that wins.

The game will revive geographical knowledge, for whenever a name is challenged, the writer must tell something about it, and in what part of the world it may be found. One of the chief advantages of the game is that it may be played by any number—the more, the merrier.

ROTHSCHILD'S MAXIMS.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following curious maxims:

Carefully examine every detail of your business.
Be prompt in everything.
Take time to consider, but decide positively.
Dare to go forward.
Bear troubles patiently.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never tell business lies.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Never appear something more than you are.
Pay your debts promptly.
Shun strong liquor.
Employ your time well.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Be polite to everybody.
Never be discouraged.
Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.

A Matter of Doubt.

Judge Duffy—Did you have an accomplice when you robbed the house?

Prisoner—I never have a partner; it's too risky. You never know that kind of a fellow is honest or not.—Texas Siftings.

The Change of Life.

Women nearing this critical period require strength, health, and cheerful spirits.

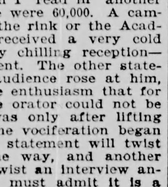
The sole aim of this time should be to keep well.

The invaluable aid always is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

The girl about to enter womanhood can find the same assistance from the same source.

Mrs. W. W. Culner, Palatka, Fla., writes:—

"I was in ill health from change of life. I took your compound and am now well. I recommend it as the best remedy for all weakness through the many changes which all women have to pass from early life to the grave."



All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. 25 cents.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Campaigning in Missouri.

Editor Camp Fire:—Let me add a little fuel, just to keep the fire burning, and some of the boys who wore the blue will pick up a rail and come to the front. In September, 1864, we were camped at Memphis, Tenn.,—93d, 114th, 72d and 95th Ohio, 9th Minnesota, First brigade, First division, Sixteenth corps. We were ordered to get ready to move early next morning, so we made preparations and marched out next day to the river. A boat was ready, and we were soon aboard and sailing down the Mississippi, not knowing where we were bound for. We came to the White river, below Helena, and took up that stream as far as Devil's Bluff. We marched to Brownsville, Ark., camped seven days and washed and cleaned up generally. Then we took up the line of march, and the next place we found ourselves was at Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the Mississippi. When we reached that point, we called it God's country—beans, potatoes and fruit in abundance, and the finest of beef cattle. However, after a few days we took boat for St. Louis. We reached that point after night, and we were all hungry, as, you know, old soldiers generally are.

Comrade Wesley Rogers went out on the wharf and, not being gone very long, came in with a barrel of flour. We soon started on our journey. By this time we found out that Gen. Price was raiding up in the state of Missouri. On we went, up the Missouri river as far as we could go. The water was so low that we would get off to lighten the boat, so she could slide over the ripples. We reached Jefferson City. The railroad bridges had been burned, and we had to foot it again.

We reached Sedalia, a station on the Missouri Pacific railroad. The line of march from there was through Georgetown, thence to Lexington. The march was night and day, and after reaching Independence we began to see the effect.

Gens. Blunt and Lane had been fighting Price; horses and men dead on all sides, but mostly Confederate soldiers, who had got a good supply of the blue clothing and new boots that they never got away with. Still farther on, at Big Blue, where Price aimed to make a stand, was the hardest fight.

The wounded was cared for by the Kansas City people. Price was on the run toward Fort Smith. We took his trail until we reached a point called Little Santa Fe; there we left and made our way to Harrisonville, where we camped some four or five days; thence to Pleasant Hill and Warrensburg, the terminus then of the Pacific railroad. There I was left with others who were not able to march, but took the train for Jefferson City, and the hospital was full. We were sent to St. Louis to the Marine hospital, where I was kept for two months, getting a twenty-days' furlough home during that time. But we did not stop. Hood was invading Nashville, Tenn., so we were kept on the go. At Nashville the boys went, with A. J. Smith in command. The 16th corps was on the right wing of "Pap" Thomas's command in that battle. Hood, the Confederate, and all his army were down South.

However, I was forwarded to my regiment, and found them at Eastport, Miss., where we went into winter quarters and lived on parched corn for three weeks, and had to steal that from the mules. But our teeth were good.—Nathan Browning, Co. F, 93d Ind. Vol. Inf.

How He Got There.

Editor Camp Fire:—I will not speak of fights and prison life, as I have told that before in the Camp Fire of your valuable paper. I just want to tell how I got into the army. I enlisted in the three months' service, but before I was sworn in the order was, no more three months men—must enlist three years or during the war; so the company was disbanded. I was just 18 years old. My father had enlisted and gone to the war, and was on Arlington Heights, Va.

I concluded I would just go to the front and enlist, and pay my own fare, and not have to depend on Uncle Sam for transportation, and I would be quite sure to get there. About this time I learned that a person other than a soldier could not cross the Potomac without a pass from the provost marshal at Washington. A neighbor, being acquainted with the marshal, gave me a letter of introduction, also stating my business on the other side of the river. Armed with this passport, I was just about as good as there, although I lived in Northern Pennsylvania.

I started. It was evening. At last I reached Baltimore. Here I began to see sights. The railroad to Washington was guarded. There were guards at the bridges in their new white tents; but, comrades, this was no comparison to our gum cloth, no blanket and no tent later on. There were a good many soldiers on the train going South, of course. I had to see them all. In going into another car my wide hat blew off. I was left hatless and about to enter the capital of the United States. This was trying. I reached the city, bought a soldier cap, started for the marshal's office down on Pennsylvania avenue. Saw a number of people there outside, and a soldier on either side of the door. They did not appear to have much business there until I went right past them.

Of course I was on business, and thought I would go right in. I soon found the soldiers ran that door. I was requested gently but with a commanding tone to get to the rear end of the line and work up. While I was standing there (at parade rest) a fellow came out of the office, and by the language he used I thought my chance was slim to get a pass. I got one just the same, and crossed the chain bridge, which was nothing but a very strong wooden one. Here I used discretion. Guards were here, and a big brass cannon pointing directly through the bridge. I was relieved of the pass that had caused me so much trouble, and was in old Virginia. Here it was one vast camp as far as you could see. I saw orderlies galloping their horses along, and thought they would soon use them up at that speed. I reached the regiment, was sworn into the service, and drew one of the rustiest muskets that carried a ball and three buckshot that I ever saw. It was one of those reacting kind when they were discharged.

The first time on picket it rained all night. Soon the Army of the Potomac made its first grand move. Everything the boys could carry had to go. Citizen clothes that they brought with them and stuff that was sent them from home. It was a sight to see how they were loaded down. They looked more like pack mules than anything else. The next few days you could pick up anything in the clothing line along the road you wanted. I was less than twenty-four hours getting to the front, and I staid there three years and seven months. —Truman French, 6th Pa. Vols.

The Rebel Was Hospitable.

Editor Camp Fire:—In The Blade of Oct. 5 Comrade J. G., Co. F, 4th Tenn. Cav., is mistaken in the year we were at Decatur, Ala. It was August, 1862, instead of 1861, but he was right about the rebels wanting McClellan for President in 1864. Why should they not have wanted him, when the rebels dictated the Democratic platform he ran on. I remember in the platform they said, not another dollar nor another man to carry on this wicked, uncalled for war. Old Jeff could not have beat that, for if McClellan had been elected instead of good old Abe, we would not have had, according to their platform, any more clothes nor ammunition, nor crackers, now sow-belly, and in two months the Union flag would have went down.

Let me relate a circumstance that happened at Decatur. One day a mess-mate and I rode out in the country about five miles to get peaches and the old reb. was overly kind, and he insisted on us staying all evening, but I had noticed a boy leave as soon as we went to the house, and I was as anxious to get to camp as my rebel friend was to have me stay. As I got out in the main road I looked down the lane about half a mile, and saw a squad of rebel citizens coming up the lane, and we made tracks for camp. Next day Tom Smith and Joe Piquaskie visited the same orchard, and at evening roll call they were not there, and the first we heard of them they had been taken prisoners and were in Libby prison.—T. C. Hadley, Co. F, 7th Ill. Cav.

One of Four Brotherss.

Editor Camp Fire:—I was born near Rochester, N. Y., but enlisted in Fourth Michigan Cavalry, Co. F, in 1862. Four of us brothers all went at the same time. One was captured near Marietta, Ga., and served 10 months in rebel prisons. Another was at the capture of Jeff Davis, and saw him put in Fortress Monroe. I was in the little charge at Shelbyville, Tenn., that Pink Harrison spoke of September 21, when the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry charged on the battery that was planted on the public square. Mr. H. does not say anything about the Fourth cavalry that took an active part in the fight, except the charge. I straggled ahead of the regiment, and was in the charge with the Seventh Pennsylvania. Mr. T. G. Jones wanted me to ask Pink. Harrison where he was during fight. I have been in California six years. I like to read the camp fire very much. My brother and myself remained till the end of the war, and are all living, except the one that was in Andersonville. He died at Springfield, Mass., two years ago.—J. G. B. Nichols.

The Other Side.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have heard it repeatedly said by Southerners here in Tennessee that the rebels must have been good shooters, as those Yankees they did not kill they crippled for life as they all want pensions. A few years ago the State of Tennessee forced a tax upon her people to pay indigent rebel soldiers a pension. I am personally acquainted with some of these soldiers, and their own families did not know they were wounded until the act was passed. All of these made affidavits that they were not able to go to the board to get their $8 a month. Some of them are much abler to go than I, and I have been twice to the same city.—Wm. Anderson, Dickman county, Tenn.

Catarrh In The Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25 cents.

COLUMBIAN SOUVENIR.

You Can Make One With the New Postage Stamps.

When the Columbian year is passed we will all begin to wish to possess something to recall this historic time. Only a few of us have the souvenir silver half dollars, but almost anybody can obtain canceled Columbian postage stamps, and of these a very pretty souvenir can be made. The more denominations you can collect the better, both for the sake of appearance and value.

Soak the stamps for a few minutes in very hot water, so that they can be easily removed from the envelope, and then let them dry. Get a queer-

STAMP COVERED VASES.

shaped bottle or a common earthen vase of some pretty form, and glid the inside of the neck. Then paste the stamps neatly on the vase in "rows of brick" fashion, so that the entire surface of the vase is covered. Use a separate denomination for each row, being careful to combine the colors of the different rows so that they look well together.

Another way, which you may perhaps prefer, is to gild the whole vase, and arrange a design of stamps in contrasting colors in the center, with a border of them at the top and bottom. Any boy or girl who has ever been to a kindergarten will be able to make a good design for this decoration.

A placque can be decorated in the same manner, starting the pattern from the center, and allowing it to spread outward like a star.

This is good rainy-day work, and if neatness and taste are used you will have an ornament for your room, and a Columbian souvenir that other children a hundred years from now will enjoy seeing.

He Moved On.

"What do you want?" asked the housewife.

"Suthin ter eat."

"I haven't anything in the house except some bread and corned beef. Do you want some of that?"

"No," he said sadly; "I guess I'll move on. It 'ud be a pity ter waste sech a fine appetite on sech poor victuals."—Washington Star.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew.

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The District of Columbia.

M. C. C., Elkhart, Ind.: The District of Columbia formerly comprised a tract ten miles square, lying on both sides of the Potomac, but in 1846 that portion lying southwest of the river, consisting of the county and city of Alexandria, retroceded to the state of Virginia. Before 1871 the cities of Washington and Georgetown and the county of Washington had a corporate existence, but Congress had exclusive control, and the people of the District had no delegate or other representative in Congress, and no voice in the choosing of the Presidential electors. The more important judicial positions were filled by the federal authority. But in 1871 a territorial government was constituted by Congress, and the District was permitted to send a delegate to the National House of Representatives. The District was made a corporate body, with a legislature consisting of a council of eleven, appointed by the President, and a house of delegates of twenty-two members, chosen by the people. The governor was also appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. In 1874 Congress appointed three commissioners to oversee the affairs of the District and provisionally abolished the governorship and the territorial system. The accounts of the commissioners are settled and adjusted by the first comptroller of the United States treasury.

The Pacific Railroad.

U. M. H., Over, Neb.: The acts of Congress of July, 1862, and July, 1864, for the building of a Pacific railroad, provided for a subsidy in United States bonds, at the rate of $16,000 per mile from the Missouri river to the base of the Rocky mountains; $48,000 per mile for 300 miles through the mountains; $32,000 per mile for that portion between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas, and $16,000 per mile for that west of the latter. In addition, the companies undertaking this great work were given about 25,000,000 acres of land—20 sections for each mile of road. The bonds were constituted a first lien upon the road and its appurtenances. That is to say, in effect the government, by loaning the road a public necessity, loaned the money to build it. But the work of construction was vastly more difficult and costly than the engineers estimated, and the road could not be built for that sum. Hence Congress released the first lien of the government, and granted the railway companies—the Central Pacific and Union Pacific, each of which built—the power to issue their own bonds at the same rate per mile, securing them by a first mortgage, itself taking a second mortgage.

The Bottom of the Sea.

J. G. B., Colorado Springs, Colo.: The bottom of the sea is more monotonous and less diversified than the land. Prof. Shaler, of Harvard University, says that the deeper seas—that is, those more than a few hundred miles from the continental border—have an average depth of about 15,000 feet. If mountains developed on the sea floor, as they do upon the land, we should expect to find the deeper seas, which occupy more than two-thirds of the surface of the earth, scattered over with lofty elevations. Submarine soundings, however, show that although there are many irregularities on the sea floor, there are no great mountain chains like those that distinguish the surface of the earth. The submerged ridges which do not reach the surface of the water it is found are almost without exception of volcanic or coral formation. In brief, there are vast stretches of level sea bottom, and but few or none of those mountainous upheavals which are the distinguishing characteristics of all the great continents of the earth.

The "Peace Commission."

P. O. P., Battle Hill, Va.: The "Peace Commission" grew out of an invitation by the state of Virginia, in January, 1861, to the other states, to send delegates to Washington to a conference "for the purpose of devising a plan for the peaceable settlement of the existing difficulties." The conference, or commission, met on February 14, fourteen free and seven slave states being represented. After long discussion, a long series of amendments to the constitution were proposed, not worth recording or remembering. The plan was voted down in both House and Senate, for it satisfied nobody, nor would it have settled the trouble. War was inevitable, and slavery was doomed, and no plan that would save slavery, and allow slaveholders to take their slaves into free territory, could have stopped the inevitable.

Monetary Questions.

J. A. W., Hickory Grove, Ky.: You should remember that all paper money is a promise to pay coin. Gold and silver are both full legal tender for all purposes. Any note which does not specify in what it shall be paid is redeemable in either gold or silver. The process by which silver dollars are readily redeemable in gold, given in the Bureau of Weekly Blade of Oct. 19, does not need any specific law. It arises from the ordinary methods of financial transactions. By "uncovered paper" in the monetary table published on the 5th page of Weekly Blade of Oct. 19, is meant that we have that much paper money more than our total stock of legal tender coin.

Cleopatra's Needle.

A. W. H., Dayton, O.: Cleopatra's Needle is a monolith, which means hewn out of one stone, and is covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was the work of the ancient Egyptians thousands of years ago, and it stood near the banks of the river Nile, in the sands of the desert, until a few years ago, (1878), when it was presented to the United States by the Turkish ruler of Egypt, and was brought across the ocean at great expense, and set up in Central Park, New York, near the Metropolitan Museum. The damp, salt atmosphere has caused the rock to crumble, and the hieroglyphic characters carved on it are growing indistinct.

The Pawnbroker's Three Balls.

E. J. M., Landerville, Ill., asks: "Why do loan agents (pawnbrokers) have three golden balls for a sign?"

The sign of three golden balls is supposed to be derived from either the arms of the Lombards or from the armorial bearings of the Medici family, who were among the wealthiest of the Lombard merchants. In the 13th century Italian merchants from Lombardy established themselves in England and France, and later in other European countries. They were money lenders as well as merchants, and took pledges for security of loans. In England they formed the corporation mentioned above.

Income Tax.

J. E. H., Ravenswood, W. Va.: By an "income tax" is meant that the government will impose an annual tax upon the net income of all persons, above a certain sum per year. There was such a tax during the war, made necessary by the tremendous cost of the war. It is always an obnoxious tax, involving inquiries into a man's private business which might be used to his detriment; it is always unequal, and hence unjust.

"Hangman's Day."

J. D. F. N., Beech Spring, Va., asks why Friday is "hangman's day." Christ was crucified on Friday, and because of that a number of superstitions fastened themselves on Friday; the chief one being that it is unlucky. It became customary in England to hang criminals on Friday; whence it was called "hangman's day." This used to be the custom in this country, but judges in pronouncing sentences now pay no attention to the old superstition.

Miscellaneous.

E. A., Americus, Kan.: Sorry, but we haven't the poem you mention.

J. S., Sioux City, Iowa: We have not the speeches you mention, in full.

C. H.: Probably they will be published in full as a pamphlet. Better write to the Secretary, and ascertain.

J. N. E., Caryville, Tenn., wants a recipe for tanning raccoon and squirrel skins. Who can send us one?

E. S., Macomb, Tex.: The best way is to write to your Representative in Congress, and ask him to send you a copy, if possible.

E. C. V., Collinville, Tex.: We do not know which traveling show is the largest. The elephant Jumbo was killed in a railroad wreck, but we do not recall where.

W. H. M., Turtle Creek, W. V.: The recruiting stations for the United States army were all closed a couple of weeks ago, as no more men are needed at present.

J. S., Birmingham, Kan.: We can not print the music of "Yankee Doodle," "Portuguese Hymn," and "Adeste Fideles." Any music dealer will get them for you.

C. M., Angola, Ind.: The position of Brooks's comet on October 17 was right ascension 12 hours 21 minutes; declination N. 12 deg. 55 min. It has a slow motion northeasterly.

T. W. C., Meadow View, Va.: The primary purpose of the Tucker bill is to render it possible to perpetrate election frauds in the great cities. His bill repeals the law allowing federal supervisors. It would work the same against the negro vote in the South, of course.

A. H. B., Hector, Ind., wants to know "how long it will take a man to count a million silver dollars, working 10 hours a day." That depends entirely on how many many he counts per second. Suppose, for example, he counts 10 a second, then it will take him 100,000 seconds; or 2 days, 7 hours, 46 minutes and 40 seconds.

W. L. K., Calmar, Iowa, asks for formula for mixing light gray or light yellow floor paint, and red paint for outbuildings and fences. As a rule, it is cheaper, in the long run, to purchase ready-mixed paints. But as probably this inquirer can not readily obtain them, we shall be glad to publish recipes if some one will furnish them.

S. F. W., Ottawa, Ill.: The Great Eastern was built as a passenger steamer. The art of building so large vessels was not well understood at that time, so she was of great draught, her engines were not large enough to drive her fast, and altogether she was not a success. It cost more to run her than she would bring in. She was used in laying the Atlantic cable, and some other cables, and finally broken up for old iron a few years ago. The latest ocean steamers are nearly as large as she, and infinitely better.

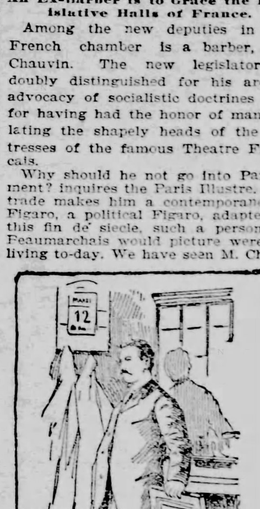
Deserving Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents.

FIGARO IN THE CHAMBER.

An Ex-Barber Is to Grace the Legislative Halls of France.

Among the new deputies in the French chamber is a barber, M. Chauvin. The new legislator is doubly distinguished for his ardent advocacy of socialistic doctrines and for having had the honor of manipulating the shapely heads of the actresses of the famous Theatre Francais.

Why should he not go into Parliament? inquires the Paris Illustre. His trade makes him a contemporaneous Figaro, a political Figuro, adapted to this fin de siecle, such a person as Feaumarchais would picture were he living to-day. We have seen M. Chau-



M. CHAUVIN.

vin at home in Paris, in his shop in the Rue des Archives, Marais. He was not aware that a perfidious journalist, under the guise of a client, was watching him. Consequently we have been able to observe him at our ease in the exercise of his profession when he had no motive for "posing."

He is about 34 years old, but looks hardly 30, tall, slight and almost distingue, with regular features, a straight nose, a dark complexion, brown hair, well combed and brushed and a small mustache, with the ends pointed. But the line of his brow and his keen expression bespeak latent energy He wears his white apron, just like Figaro, but not in a mercenary or servile way, but like a surgeon. No chatter, no gossip. He keeps this, probably, for meetings Assisted by two "artistes," he operates himself in his comfortable "salon," hung with red paper. "Praised by some, blamed by others, braving the wicked, the butt of everybody," shaving the bourgeois and having no appearance of a desire to cut their throats. Perhaps he will some day find out that wielding the razor is more profitable than empty honors.

Has he also, like the Barber of Seville, literary and artistic tastes? Many engravings ornament his salon among others portraits of Beranger Dejazet, and yet Citizen Chauvin ought not to be among those men who believe that "tout finit par des chansons."

FADS UP TO DATE.

Black gloves, stitched with palest lemon, lavender, blue or green, are quite the fashion.

All of the fall and winter wraps are being made with the skirt part of the coats very full. An odd evening coat is made of black velvet, the sleeves and rolling collar being of ermine.

The new corduroy silks come in Persian and Algerian stripes and in pretty tri-colors—green, gold and rose—and various other combinations which are as attractive as they are novel.

There seems to be a reaction in favor of high-cut dresses for dinner and evening wear. Some of the most exquisite importations of the year have been dresses with square necks or those slightly cut away in V shape.

The ringlets of fifty years ago and the curls which were universally worn by the little girls up to and into the '70s have been somewhat revived of late, and are again to be occasionally seen. Crimped hair, or loose lovelocks and waves of the Fauntleroy order, have crowded them aside up to date, but now they seem slowly coming to the fore.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

The Villain Foiled Again.

"I've seen a good many funny snaps in the way of plays and playactors in my time," said the advance agent to a reporter of the Buffalo Express, "but one I struck out in Milwaukee the other day was by far the best of anything I have been up against. It was in one of the museums there. The museum has a stock company in the theater, and its great specialty is border drama. Every week they give a new drama of the wild and woolly West.

"This play that I saw was a bloodcurdler of that character, and at the time I arrived at the theater the stage was pitch dark and two men were fighting a duel. I could hear the knives clash together, and hear the men stumble around the stage, but I could but faintly distinguish the forms of the actors. After awhile there was a thump on the floor, and the villain (I knew it was the villain by his accent) hissed: 'Ah, ha! Rudolph Tegherington, I have you now, and no one nigh to see me do the deed!'

"Then the drummer hit the bass drum a belt, and the calcium man turned on the light, and away up on the top of a rocky pass a woman (the heroine) was seen standing. 'Coward!' she shouted, 'me and heaven is here!'

Where They Come From.

"I always wondered where all the Smiths came from until my recent visit to the city."

"And then what happened?"

"Then I saw a 'Smith Manufacturing company.'"—Judge.

A Swindler.

Mrs. Hicks—A man was here to-day who gets a living by reading the hands. He wanted $4.

Hicks—Some swindler, wasn't he?

Mrs. Hicks—Yes; he read the hands on our gas-meter.—New York Times.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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ANOTHER UNITED STATES.

President Barrios's Plan for a Union of Central American Republics.

Since the election to the presidency of Guatemala of General Jose Reyna Barrios a fresh impulse has been to the design of a federal union of the Central American states. Like his illustrious uncle, President Barrios is a man of action. He is filled with martial ardor, is popular and ambitious. He is not likely to await the cool and calculating measures of diplomatic negotiation, but will urge prompt action in carrying out the plan formulated by his predecessor or seek some cause which will justify hostile procedure. The next attempt in the formation of a federal union of the Central American states will probably mean compliance or coercion. The southern republics of Nicaragua and Costa Rica have never shown an eager desire for a federal union of the Central American states. The dominion of Guatemala in all such proposed movements to effect

GENERAL JOSE REYNA BARRIOS.

such a purpose has been viewed by those states with a jealousy which has gone far to prevent a hearty co-operation in the measure. There is less in common between Nicaragua and Costa Rica and the more northerly republics than between those states themselves. The ostensible purpose of the proposed union is to strengthen the bond which nature has formed by geographical structure and homogeneity of soil and climate, and to draw into closer relations a people who are not only of the same race, but whose customs, education and business interests are almost identical for common defense against the outside world, and more especially as against their powerful neighbors of the same race on the north and south.

Such a purpose has always met with a hearty recognition by our own government. The department of state, according to its published "Foreign Relations," has invariably instructed our representatives in Central America to do all in their power, without interfering with the political status of those republics, by verbal encouragement and the expression of good will, toward the furtherance of so admirable a design.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother is costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

An Incident of Shiloh.

The veteran Col. Reynolds, of Madison, was one of the bravest men Wisconsin had in the war. The colonel was under arrest for some trivial matter at the opening of the battle of Shiloh, being major at the time. Without stopping to ask for release, he seized a shillalah and took command of the regiment after the field officers had been disabled, and fought as gallantly as any man on that bloody field. Grant saw him with his particular weapon, and asked: "Who has command of this regiment?"

"I have that honor, general."

"Where is your sword?"

"You have it, general."

Grant then remembered that the major had been arrested. Those who saw Grant say a tear rolled from his eye as he said: "Major, you are released. Your sword will be sent to you."—Texas Siftings.

They Were Rather Small.

Two young men were showing, with a great deal of pride, the results of their fishing expedition.

"Mr. Brooxten," said a young woman, "fish go in schools, do they not?"

"I believe so; but why do you ask?"

"Because if they do, I am willing to wager a box of gloves that you have broken up an infant

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1893.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 161,000

THE "NASBY LETTERS" ARE GOING FAST.

We are printing and binding from 500 to 1,000 copies of the "Nasby Letters" per day, and the demand goes steadily on. Every mail brings a big sheaf of letters from subscribers who are taking advantage of our offer to send the Weekly Blade one year, with a copy of the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, for one dollar. Every person who receives it appears to be highly pleased with the book, if we are to judge from the approving letters which we are constantly receiving. We are glad to get letters telling how subscribers regard the volume, and hope every one will feel free to write and express his opinion. The historic value of the book is great, for it is the only complete collection of the world-famed "Letters" which were so great and so unique a feature of our political literature for more than a score of years. No American citizen should let this opportunity pass of securing a copy.

FISHING FOR PENSIONERS.

Chairman Seward, of the Ohio Democratic committee, is making a desperate canvass in his efforts to defeat McKinley—or, if that be impossible, to reduce his plurality so low that it will not have any influence on the nation at large. He is now endeavoring to secure converts among the old soldiers who have been granted pensions since March 4 last, or have had increases. The following was received on the 23d by a veteran residing in Toledo, who at once referred the letter to The Blade. Here is the precious document:

Ohio State Democratic Committees,
75½ South High St., Rooms 1 and 2,
Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 20, 1893.

Dear Sir:—On September 16 you received an increase of pension. This was done by a Democratic administration. Did its action meet your approval, and can Republican politicians still make you believe that the soldier pension is the personal property of their party? They have, as you know, claimed the vote of every soldier who was granted a pension under Republican rule. We make no such claim. A Democratic administration granted you an increase because you deserved it; not as a bribe or a charity.

The contest this fall is more between the farmers and the working people against trusts and monopolies than between Democrats and Republicans. We ask you, as an intelligent citizen, to vote the Democratic ticket because it is for your own best interests to do so. Very truly yours, J. P. SEWARD, Chmn.

W. T. Wear, Secretary.

The recipient of the above happens to be "an intelligent citizen," who sees through Mr. Seward's gauzy rhetoric, and who will vote the Republican ticket because, as a workingman, dependent upon his daily toil for subsistence of himself and his family, he knows that the Republican policy of protection is the best for his interests and that of his fellow-toilers.

He knows, also, that his increase of pension was granted him under a law passed by a Republican Congress, and which the greater number of Democrats in Congress voted against. He knows that the Democratic pension officials could not avoid granting the increase, under that law, after considering the proofs he sent in. Consequently, he does not feel himself under any obligation to the Democratic administration, as such. The best he can say for it is that it carried out the provisions of the law because it couldn't help itself.

Furthermore, he knows that nobody claims the soldier vote as the personal property of the Republican party. He furthermore desires us to say, for Chairman Seward's benefit, that he is a Republican because he believes in the principles of that party—not because he receives a pension; and he spurns indignantly the implication that any Republican considers the pension paid any ex-soldier as either a bribe or a charity.

We believe the sensible views of this gentleman to be those held by every self-respecting veteran, and take pleasure in bringing them to the attention of Chairman Seward.

By the way, what business has the Pension Bureau to furnish to a political state committee information of this sort for political uses? It has no right to furnish it to any one.

The Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin well says that the Torrens land transfer system has plenty of friends, except among the legal fraternity, which lives by the cumbersome and out-of-date methods of to-day. The reform is bound to come even with this obstructionary feature.

Rear Admiral Stanton got too soon in recognizing the Brazilian rebels. The admiral should have held himself in check. President Cleveland is having hard times enough with his Senate, let alone monkeying with a foreign difficulty.

The New York Evening Post rejoices that Arthur Pue Gorman, the Senatorial intriguer, has been shown up. But has the Post forgotten Mr. Gorman's great deeds for the idol last fall? The Post should not be ungrateful.

Mr. Cleveland seems to be clinging to the tail of the Republican elephant, hoping it will pull him out of all his troubles.

The Van Alen scandal is the most malodorous that ever cursed a federal administration.

New York may now adjust its spectacles and howl that the fair has been a failure.

Judging from the number of lynchings in the South, the "color line" is a hempen rope.

Boies won't have a show in Iowa. A man named Jackson will win this year.

EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

The theory that humanity must be governed by force is one of the errors of the past which is extremely slow to die. The doctrine was propounded by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; and the idea was by no means original with him. Our own government is based on that principle. It may be remarked, however, that it does not mean the consent of every one of the governed, but of a majority of them. Hence, if a new principle is sought to be incorporated into law, it is theoretically necessary to have a majority of the people who are to be governed by it when it shall become operative, in full sympathy with it, and in favor, not only of its enactment, but of its enforcement.

Hence it is clear that if we are to have true progress, there must be a vast deal of educational work done, in order to prepare the masses to vote intelligently upon every advance step. If the leaders get too far ahead of the led, they lose their influence over the latter. The tendency, unfortunately, is to overlook the vital importance of the steady education of the masses along lines of progress to newer and better legislation. Too often a resort is had to what is really the old method of government by force. A bill is driven through a state legislature, and because a law before the masses are awakened to a realization of its real importance. The result is, a spirit of antagonism is created, and the cause of reform suffers. The right method is, through the enlightment of the people, to create a demand for the legislation, whatever it may be.

These truths are general in their application, but we desire at this time to consider them only with regard to temperance effort. The Blade has for years insisted that the education of the masses as to the evils of intemperance upon the individual, injuring him physically, morally and mentally, and driving him into pauperism or vice or crime; and as to the evils of the liquor traffic and the saloon system upon the body politic, is the most important work that can be done, and that which will produce the greatest results within a given time. A law may be passed placing liquor-selling, or liquor drinking, or both, in the catalogue of misdemeanors for which there is legal punishment; but unless the great mass of the community are heartily and entirely in favor of that law, it will be defied, despite all effort. Men do not like to be treated as children are—to be told that a certain thing is not good for them, and therefore they must not have it. But if they are themselves convinced of its harmful nature, they are perfectly willing to have it placed under the ban of the law. This work of so convincing men is simply the education we have spoken of.

There is a choice in the educational methods to be employed. The effort should be to present the facts—and they are startling enough and cogent enough to convince any unbiased person—without exciting any prejudice. They must be presented without bias. Years of attentive study of the question, and of the progress of the work in the United States, has convinced us that no sadder mistake was ever made than to attempt to carry on a prohibition propaganda by means of political work. And doubly unfortunate it is that the speakers and advocates of that method are so bitter in their denunciation and abuse of those who do not at once agree with them. They excite antagonism to the reform they champion by their unwise methods. No great progress can ever be made by such advocacy. We must resort to education without political bias, if we are to make any rapid progress in the movement to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

ONE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

There is one question of paramount importance to the workingmen of Ohio, because it enters the home and affects the interest of each member of the family. That question is whether or not there is any connection between the industrial depression now prevailing and the accession to power of the Democratic party. This question they should study not as party men but as citizens on whose daily labor depends the feeding, clothing and educating of members of their own families.

Recent statistics place the number of idle men in the state at this time at not less than 100,000, while there has been a material reduction in the wages of those now employed in the various industries. What is the real cause of this enforced idleness?

A year ago it was not so. Then workingmen were so busy that demands for increased wages were made with assurances that they would be granted. No work is eagerly sought at reduced figures.

Ohio workingmen should do exactly what was done by Mr. Ikirt, Democratic Congressman from Eastern Ohio, and by Mr. Holden, editor and owner of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. These gentlemen were free traders until they investigated the question as it is connected with certain industries, in which they are interested, when a change came, and they posted off to Washington to argue before the House committee in favor of protecting their interests, because, as they said, free trade would close these industries or reduce the wages of those employed.

Is not this present enforced idleness connected with politics? Have not the workingmen an opportunity to make themselves felt at the polls in favor of protecting work and workers? Is it not time to show the Democratic party that the deception it practiced a year ago has been found out?

The Argentine Republic has at last learned the lesson that floods of cheap money do not mean prosperity, and that artificially high prices do not make wealth. Quite the contrary. The dear lesson of experience has been that cheap money means ruin and an excessive "per capita" brings bankruptcy. The government of that country has taken a step that will probably strike our Populists as simply awful, although everybody else recognizes its wisdom. It is, to destroy—to burn—$6,000,000 in paper currency and $150,000,000 in cedulas. This destruction will continue year by year until the paper currency remaining goes up to par with gold; and the printing of more fiat money is rigidly stopped. Argentina has had a severe lesson, but in finance as in everything else, fools will learn only by experience.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

HOW JIM SEWARD GOT IN.

Every Republican remembers how certain we all were that Ohio was perfectly safe for the Republican ticket in the Presidential campaign one year ago, and what an unpleasant surprise it was to find that the plurality was so small that one Democratic Presidential elector was chosen—Mr. James P. Seward, now the chairman of the Democratic state committee.

It may be profitable at this juncture to recall how this surprising state of things was brought about. It will be remembered that for a day or two the Democrats claimed to have carried the state, and their whole electoral ticket. During the time that claim was made, and believed by Democrats everywhere, the Wheeling Daily Register, in its issue of November 11, 1892, published the following special from Washington:

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Ohio Republicans Were Caught Napping.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Democrats here rejoice over no feature of the tremendous victory of Tuesday more than at the capture of Ohio and the clever way in which it was accomplished by the Democratic National committee, assisted by Mr. Neal, who was chairman of the Ohio Democratic committee in Campbell's campaign for governor. When about two weeks ago the Democratic managers became uneasy at the terrific efforts the Republicans were making to capture West Virginia and Connecticut they decided to do something to make good the possible loss of 12 electoral votes.

Governor Campbell, who was in New York, gave it as his opinion that Ohio might be carried on a still hunt if the Democratic National committee could spare the money. Mr. Neal was summoned to New York and agreed with Mr. Campbell. The plan was settled on that the Democrats should on the surface do nothing in Ohio, thus lulling the Republicans into false confidence.

But in the country districts trusty Democratic workers should a few days before the election be provided with money to get every Democratic voter to the polls. The cities were the left to take care of themselves and the utmost secrecy was to be preserved as to the Democratic plans. When Mr. Neal returned to Ohio he took $50,000 with him. He called a number of trusty Democratic workers together from different sections of the state, laid his plans before them, and gave them the funds to carry them out.

When election day came large numbers of Republicans in the rural districts did not take time to go to the polls, confident the state was sure to give Harrison about the usual majority. But every Democratic vote was got to the polls and Ohio was swept out of the Republican column for the first time in thirty years.

We reprint this document to refresh the memories of Republicans. The only danger this year is from over-confidence in the Republican ranks. We must not be caught napping a second time. Chairman Seward remembers well how he got in the electoral college last year, and he will try the same game again. We know to a positive certainty that Brice's boodle is in Ohio, ready to be used in the campaign. Look out, Republicans! Forewarned is forearmed!

THE BRAZILIAN ROW.

The trouble in Brazil is largely a personal matter—a conflict of ambitions—between President Peixotto and Admiral Mello. The former was adjutant general to Dom Pedro at the time of the downfall of the empire; but he has advanced in his political views, and now represents radical republican principles. On the other hand Admiral Mello, who was far more of a liberal at the time the empire went down than was Peixotto, is now the representative of the reactionary element in Brazilian politics. While the quarrel between the two men is for the possession of power, the dividing line between their partisans puts all the liberal republicans on the side of Peixotto, and the conservative or reactionary elements on that of Mello.

Therefore, the President is backed by the great mass of the army, by the Congress, and by nearly all the government officials, except the navy; and he has besides the support of the people of some of the influential central and southern states of the republic. Admiral Mello has the bulk of the navy, a small minority of the Congress, the Clericals, the Monarchists and other dissatisfied political elements, with popular support in the states of Bahia, Rio Grande do Sul, and the northern states. His faction has no legal authority; but this drawback does not count for much in a South American revolution. It is lamentable to every believer in a government by the people to see the personal ambition of a man set up a state of civil war.

From numerous counties in Ohio comes the report that Democrats are hiring weak Republicans to remain away from the polls. This is not a new scheme, but it is one that needs watching. For this and many other reasons there should be a perfect organization.

Chicago's happiness over the enormous success of the fair is darkened by the death of her mayor, but the Exposition is no less a success.

The alienation of President Cleveland and the mugwumps may compel him to recognize a few Democrats.

REPEAL IS ACCOMPLISHED.

The memorable contest in the Senate is ended. The Voorhees bill, repealing the silver-purchasing and note-issuing clauses of the Sherman law, passed that body by a vote of 43 yeas to 32 nays. That body debated the bill through 61 days—the great feature of the struggle being the fact that the bill had a majority in its favor from the very first, and the minority, because the Senate rules embrace no method of closure, prevented the bill coming to a vote.

The measure will become a law. This is assured. It goes back to the House, as it is a substitute for the Wilson bill, passed by that body; but it will pass there, probably after some speech-making, and will receive the Presidential signature. Hence it is not premature to discuss the effect of the measure.

If the people of the West and South, who have been indoctrinated with the false idea that this step means contraction of the currency, and consequent distress to the masses of the people, will now open their eyes and watch impartially the course of financial events, they will find they have been either mistaken or misled. None of the evils they anticipate will come to pass. The trouble with them is not that there is not enough money in the country, but that they individually have not enough. Free coinage would not increase what they have, nor will repeal diminish it. The country has plenty of money to transact its business, and the fact will be clearly proved.

THE EFFECT OF REPEAL.

An Alabama reader of The Blade, discussing the Sherman law, says that

If it be repealed without a substitute, times will be much harder than now, for no one will have any money but the bankers and the rich, and the poor will have to starve; for gold is the rich man's money, and silver the laborer's money.

And so on, in a similar strain. We are glad to be able to assure our Alabama friend that nothing of the sort will happen. The repeal of the Sherman law will work no change for the worse in our finances. The silver we already have will not be withdrawn from circulation; it will still be a full legal tender. We will have just as much of greenbacks, and silver certificates, and Treasury notes of 1890, as we have now. And we will have more gold, besides.

On a very conservative estimate there is over a billion dollars' worth of foreign money invested in the country. It came over here and purchased railway bonds and stocks, the stocks of brewery, stockyard, electric and other companies, state and municipal bonds, and so on. Nearly two years ago, at the time of the great Baring failure in England, which shook the finances of London, there resulted a "tight money" time there, much like the one we had the past summer. To get money, many holders of American securities sent them to the United States to sell. This unloading of heavy blocks of stock ran down the prices of all stocks here. We had to export gold to pay for these stocks, even though the balance of trade was in our favor. This raised a question as to the security of our financial system; and the agitation for free silver coinage began to worry foreign investors.

If we should drop from the gold to the silver basis, their securities, as well as the interest thereon, would be paid in silver. Those securities were bought with gold; hence there would be a loss of about 48 cents on every dollar, for our silver dollars are only worth their bullion value over there. So the process of sending securities over here to be sold went on, and last spring gold went out in millions to pay for them. The calling of Congress in extra session, and the passage of the repeal bill by the House, reassured foreign investors, and gold shipments ceased. Since then they have been simply waiting. There has been little selling of our securities by foreign holders, and practically no buying.

The repeal of the Sherman bill will cause foreigners to buy largely again. Money brings a very low rate of interest in Europe, because it is so abundant. American securities pay a higher rate of interest; hence, they will invest in them, because they are more profitable. The danger of our dropping to the silver standard being removed by this repeal, there is no reason why hundreds of millions of dollars will not be invested here; and this will bring gold from Europe to us.

Our friend should remember that we are on a gold basis now, and have been for many years. There will be no scarcity of money to conduct the exchanges of the country, but no one can get hold of it unless he has something to sell that somebody wants to buy; and if we had a perfect deluge of silver, it would not help him any if he had nothing of value.

ANTHONY HOWELLS'S TESTIMONY.

There is not a man in Ohio who will question the Democracy of Hon. Anthony Howells. President Cleveland appointed Mr. Howells consul at Cardiff, Wales. His first report has just been filed with the administration. In it he refers to tin plate, and he evidently does not intend his figures to be used by Democrats for campaign purposes.

His report shows that American competition in tin plate manufacture, made possible by the McKinley tariff law, has reduced the imports of tin plate to this country in the nine months ending September 30, $9,000,000 below the figures for the corresponding months two years ago. Here are his figures:

The statement shows that during the period named 212,241 tons of the material, valued at £2,788,555, was shipped to the United States against 214,527 tons, valued at £2,867,787, in 1892, and 284,316 tons, valued at £4,762,213, in 1891.

Mr. Howells can take his place along with Editor Holden and Congressman Ikirt.

The allegation that Van Alen hasn't brains enough to perform the duties of minister to Italy is vigorously denied by the Rhode Island people who know him. Said one politician, in demonstrating "Jimmy's" cleverness: "Why, when he brought over all the old English carvings and interior decorations for his house, he kept them in bond for thirteen months so he wouldn't have to pay any duty on them. And when the stucco work was being done he brought over Englishmen at $1.25 per day, instead of hiring local men at $3. Oh, he's nobody's fool, you can bet on that." But is that sort of cleverness the kind that is required in a diplomatic representative of a great country like the United States?

Mr. Ferris: Well my man, what can I do for you?
Organ Grinder: No maka de mon turning de org. Lika job turning ah "Ferris Wheel-a."

WILSON'S CELLAR COMMITTEE.

Day after day the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives lock themselves up in an obscure committee-room in the depths of the basement of the Capitol at Washington, and devote themselves to the work of destroying the protective tariff. They are preparing a "tariff for revenue only" bill—which will, of course, be called the "Wilson bill," after the chairman of the committee, when it sees the light. The Republican members of the committee are excluded from the room. Each Democratic member carries a key by means of which he obtains access; the door is kept jealously locked so that no prying reporter, no inquisitive Republican, can obtain an inkling of what is going on.

The place and the manner of procedure have a certain fitness. A locked room in a cellar is a fitting place wherein to carry on the work of the destruction of American industries. We wonder if this handful of Southern Bourbons and Northern doughface Democrats realize the magnitude of the interests with which they are dealing? The New York Press figures them up, from the official estimates, as follows:

Capital invested	$5,000,000,000
Annual value of products	9,000,000,000
Number of persons employed	6,000,000

The number of workers directly employed in manufacturing and mining is six millions. Taking into the calculation their families, there are at least 20,000,000 men, women and children directly dependent upon these two great lines of industry for their living. How will the work now shaping in the Capitol cellar affect these millions of Americans? It is cutting down the duties levied on imported articles. This will mean that there will be an enormously increased sale of foreign-made goods of all kinds. Every dollar's worth more that is bought abroad means a dollar's worth less manufactured here. Hence, there will be less manufacturing, less opportunity for labor.

Again, it is as plain as a pikestaff that, if protection be removed, the foreign and American manufacturers will be placed on on the same level. The one who can sell the cheapest will get the trade. Wages are lower abroad than here; hence it costs less to manufacture goods there, as labor is the largest item of production. Therefore the foreigner can undersell the American manufacturer. The latter must then either close his factory or reduce the cost of production; and to do this he must reduce the wages paid. So the alternative to the workingman will be, either no work or much less wages. Lower wages means a lower scale of living, as to food, clothing, and all the necessaries and comforts of life.

This is the work going on in the cellar of the Capitol. A band of conspirators are there shaping a bill which will cut wages and give less work to the masses of the American people. They are conspiring against the prosperity, the comfort and the happiness of the toiling masses.

WHAT IT MEANS.

The military displays in Europe remind one of the crowing and counter crowing of hostile chanticleers in a barnyard. Every time there is a military or naval demonstration, some other country makes a similar one. Two years ago a French squadron visited Cronstadt, and Russia received it with impressive ceremonies and marked international courtesies. Germany took it as formal notice that an entente cordiale had been established between St. Petersburg and Paris; the army bill, which was only pushed through the Reichstag by the most strenuous efforts, and which adds largely to the available force of the German army, was the Kaiser's grim answer to the Russo-French understanding.

Then came the recent maneuvers of the German army at Metz, practically on the frontier of France, where the heir-apparent to the Italian throne was an honored visitor of Wilhelm. Now comes the answering crow of the Gallic cock, in the tremendous ovation given at Toulon to the visiting Russian fleet, and the magnificent reception tendered its officers at Paris. And at the same time the Mediterranean fleet of Great Britain is given a similar spectacular display at the port of Taranto, on the Italian coast. The cocks crowed their best on both occasions.

But the grisly fact behind all this is that an European war is bound to come. No one can tell when, nor how; but when it does come, all the Great Powers will be involved, and the map of Europe will be recast as the result of the Titanic conflict. Each year there is an increase of the military and naval forces of Europe; the burden of militarism is growing so great that the people are beginning to protest. In every country of continental Europe the sullen mutterings of discontent from the overburdened people are heard. The result of all this must be either a general war or a general disarmament. No power will be the first to reduce its army and navy; and when the murmurings of the people get too loud, some one country's ruler will be compelled to go to war, on some pretext, to avoid revolution. And then comes the deluge.

It is all a matter of getting out the Republican vote whether Governor McKinley's plurality is 15,000 or 30,000, and the matter of getting out the vote is entirely with Republicans.

Now, if Italy should intimate that Van Alen is a persona non grata, as Austria did as to Kiely!

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The great Columbian Exposition is ended. It has been the most wonderful exhibit of progress and industry the world has ever seen, and the greatest. No line of human activity, of science or art, but had there adequate representation. It has been, to the twenty-two million people who have visited it, a revelation of the mightiness of the progress the world is making, and a liberal education in the humanities. It will give an impulse to every true American who visited it, because it put him in closer touch with the world at large, and gave a clearer insight into the part that his own country must bear to keep in the van of progress.

The city of Chicago merits the highest meed of praise for the splendid manner in which she carried out the Exposition. The boldness—it might even be called audacity—which is such a characteristic of the city and her people, never had a grander illustration than in the all-embracing scope of the plans laid down for this magnificent Fair, and the tenacity of purpose with which they were carried out to the minutest detail. The buildings in which were housed the exhibits from every nation and every clime were erected on a most magnificent scale, and of themselves were a feature never to be forgotten. No one who ever stood in the grand Court of Honor will forget the splendid scene as long as life lasts. And at night, when the facades were marked in glittering lines of electric fire, one understood why it was named the "Dream City" as well as the "White City."

It boots not that the Fair cost more, in dollars and cents, than the receipts; for the public-spirited Chicagoans who raised the original fund did not expect to get their money back. While it is true that the cost was some ten million dollars in excess of all receipts, the city has gained in a thousand ways through having the Fair located there, and has received an impulse that will make it a profitable investment even from the standpoint of dollars and cents. The most enduring benefit this country will receive from the Exposition is the impulse given to the aesthetic side of our national life. We have been, if anything, too severely utilitarian; and the increased appreciation of the finer and more artistic branches of industry, due to this splendid international exposition, will lead to their increased development.

CARTER HARRISON.

Not since the days when President Garfield was assassinated has there been such an act as shocked the people of this country Saturday evening when Carter Harrison was murdered in cold blood by an insane man who obtained admission to the home of Chicago's mayor. No man in public life, not even, excepting some of our great national figures, was better known than Carter Harrison. He lived in Chicago, was five times mayor of that city, and its chief executive during the World's Fair now closing.

Call him a demagogue, as perhaps he was; call him an unscrupulous politician, as may have been the case; charge him with a hundred offenses if you will, still he was elected five times mayor of Chicago, served two terms in Congress and would have gone to the United States Senate had the legislature been Democratic. A Democrat professedly, party fealty had little to do with Harrison. He was Carter Harrison first and a Democrat afterwards.

His position in the current history of the times was fixed by his weakness before the Anarchists previous to the Haymarket riots.

Had the man who shot him down been something more than a weak-minded, semi-physical wreck, the public could have at least a feeling that there would be punishment for the crime. But now what can be done? The deed is wrought in all its horror. To place him in an insane asylum where Prendergrast may die a blubbering maniac is all.

There is a lesson in it. When a man writes threatening letters or makes threatening statements as did Carter Harrison's assassin, he should be locked up at once. An insane man loose is more dangerous to public peace than hydrophobia.

The new comet discovered by Professor Brooks will probably become a very beautiful object in the bright sky. It is 25,000,000 miles nearer the sun than is the earth, and it appears probable that it may, at its perihelion, take on a splendor rivalling Donati's comet of 1858. However, comets are very freaky, and there's no telling whether it will develop a coma rivalling Peffer's whiskers or not.

The question agitating the ladies of New York's four hundred just now is, "where shall we wear our vaccinate?" Opinion is divided between the upper left arm and stowing it away somewhere under the crinoline. It is a most delicate and perplexing question.

The Moorish war again recalls the conquest of Granada and the story of the Alhambra. But in those days the Spaniards won, and so far, in this 1893 conflict, the Moors appear to have the best of it.

New York Democratic papers are very busy exposing Tammany frauds now, though they ignored them last fall when Mr. Cleveland's election was at stake.

And now the fellow who did not go to the Fair is smiling and happy once more. You can tell him from other people by his new fall suit.

OUR NEXT NEW STORY

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REBELLION.

It Is Written Expressly for The Blade, and for Blade Readers—A Serial Everybody Will Like.

Believing our readers like variety in the serials published in The Blade, we have arranged to follow W. Clark Russell's sea tale, "The Emigrant Ship," with a story of the early days of the War of the Rebellion. It is entitled:

A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A Tale of the First Bull Run.

This story will, we believe, create a genuine sensation among our readers, and especially among those who took part in the great civil war, whether arrayed on the side of the Union or on that of the Confederacy. It is written by Mr. David Lowry, who is well-known to the patrons of a number of Eastern papers and magazines as a writer of serials and sketches. The readers of the magazine Blue and Gray, will recall an excellent short story by Mr. Lowry in the August number, entitled "Battle Bonds."

"A Fair Virginian" is full of dramatic action, and all references to historic personages and to the field of action and the movements of armies of the first battle of Bull Run—around which its interest centers—are historically accurate. Although it is a pure, clean love-story, there is enough of life in the camp, on the march and battle-field, to attract all lovers of historic adventure. There is much in it to give the generation which has come to maturity since the war a clear idea of the sentiment of the struggle, and the views held on both sides, which will give much light on the causes of the great civil war. Altogether, it will please all readers, especially soldiers and soldiers' sons and daughters—and it will be read as eagerly by those who wore the gray as by those who were clad in blue.

This story will begin in the issue of the Weekly Blade for November 16. We shall be very glad if all our subscribers, especially our Camp Fire comrades, will take an interest in this story, and send us lists of names of persons whom they think would be glad to read the serial, and we shall gladly send them sample copies.

THE CURE OF CRANKERY.

Edward Everett once said: "We must educate, or we must perish by our own prosperity." The evolution of the politico-economic crank in recent years is proof of the truth of his dictum. We have not enough education among the people. A mere knowledge of reading and writing, a smattering of arithmetic and geography, is not education. These things are accomplished by a mere effort of memory. Education, in its true sense, is the development of the mental powers symmetrically in all directions. The species of crank which has arisen within the last score of years—of whom Guiteau, Prendergast, and others who have achieved notoriety by murderous methods, are examples—is a man whose mental development has been so lop-sided as to accentuate rather than cure, an original lack of symmetry in mentality.

There are to-day thousands of uneducated men in this country—men who can read and write, but who have never had any intellectual training, and whose higher mental powers are not much developed beyond those of a child—who are just as cranky as those named above. Such persons readily become the dupes of the promulgators of moonshine theories, based on the fallcy that the mere enactment of a law will bring the millennium post haste. They read this false doctrine, and have not the keen mental grasp which would enable them to detect its silliness. They come to the conclusion that the world is all askew, that the masses are ground down under the heel of the "plutocrats," or the manufacturers, or Wall street, or "the priesthood," or something else—whatever the promulgator of them has selected as the cause of all the sin and poverty and trouble in the world. Brooding over these things leads to mental deterioration; the crank finally comes to believe that the wrongs of which he complains are centered on himself as the representative of the masses, and it is then but a step to the commission of murder or other crime to avenge his alleged grievances.

The true remedy for the evils and wrongs in the world is not legislation, but education. The right kind of education puts a power into the hands of a man which gives him an advantage over the uneducated. Education is within the grasp of all, and every young man owes it to himself and to society to obtain it. No law can remedy the inequality between a man with a trained intellect and one with an untrained one, any more than it can remedy that between a weak mind and a strong one. And hand in hand with education must go moral and spiritual training, for he who has not the mastery of his own appetites and passions, but is mastered by them, is a slave indeed.

It seems odd to see Switzerland indulge in a bit of Jew-hating intolerance such as its new law regulating the mode of killing animals for food, which prevents Jews in that country from slaughtering according to their ritual—which method is to suspend the animal by the hind legs and to draw a knife across its throat, cutting the wind-pipe, the carotid artery and the jugular vein. By this mode the carcass is drained of blood, and it is as speedy, painless and certain as any that can be devised. The new law, under pretense of preventing cruelty, enacts that no animal shall be killed until after it has been stunned. The stunning checks the flow of blood, and renders the meat less fit for food. The pretense is made that this is in the interests of humanity to animals, but its real purpose is to annoy the Jews.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin fixes a keen optic in this direction and sagely remarks: "The Democrats are at their old tricks in Ohio—cheating again, as usual! They need watching." The Republicans begin to realize the situation, and will watch the campaign carefully until the last vote is counted.

There will be a hot fight in the Senate over the bill amending the Geary law. There will be an effort made to strike out some of the provisions which the Pacific coast people deem vital, and if this is done the House will refuse to concur in the amendments.

The Republican who doesn't vote this fall ought to swear allegiance to Mrs. Queen Victoria.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The Maryland Historical society has obtained, in England, copies of the wills of all the Lords Baltimore, and will print them in the new volume of Calvert papers soon to be issued.

Sir Henry James, of the House of Commons, who often accompanies the Prince of Wales on his hunting excursions, is an expert sportsman. He usually bags the game while the prince takes the credit.

Prince Henry of Orleans, nephew of the Count of Paris, is soon to be made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French government in acknowledgment of his geographical and scientific researches in the East.

Governor Llewelling, of Kansas, has appointed Mrs. Eva Blackman a member of the Topeka police commission, vice a populist member whom he removed. This is said to be the first instance of the appointment of a woman to such an office.

Among the resolutions moved by the Trades Congress in Belfast, is one expressing satisfaction at the appointment of women as workshop inspectors, and praying the government to increase the number.

The rumor that Queen Elizabeth contemplates an early return to Bucharest, it is now stated, has no foundation in fact. Although better, Carmen Sylva's health remains so delicate that the resumption of her official duties would be attended with serious risk.

Professor Henry Drummond, the Glasgow teacher, says the universities of the United States are something the country has reason to be proud of, and their chairs of philosophy are, as a rule, worthy the admiration of Europe.

Mrs. Sallie Walsh Johnson, who died a few days ago in Washington, was the daughter of the late Governor Wilson Shannon, of Kansas, and a famous beauty. She is said to have attracted the attention of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, at a ball in St. Louis during his visit to this country several years ago, when he declared her to be the handsomest woman in America.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

George Eliot in an autograph letter recently sold in London wrote this wise sentence: "Every one who contributes to the 'too much' of literature is doing grave social injury."

A collection of tales by Susan Coolidge will shortly be published under the title of "The Barberry Bush, and Seven Other Stories About Girls for Girls."

The book on "The Romance of an Empress, Catharine II. of Russia," which the Appletons are bringing out, is based largely upon unpublished documents in the state archives.

Only a few of the epistles included in the two big volumes of "The Letters of Sir Walter Scott," which will soon be brought out, have appeared in print. All the letters are addressed to Scott's family and intimate friends.

One child of Theodore Hook survives, a daughter, who is grievously poor. Another daughter died some years ago in abject poverty, just about the time, it is said, that a public fund was held of which one of Hook's chairs was purchased for a considerable sum.

Dr. Conan Doyle has made up his mind not to write any more detective stories, and Sherlock Holmes, acute and vigorous as he is, must disappear from the literature of the future. He has been a very entertaining personage, but his adventures might easily grow tiresome if prolonged.

The first volume of the new edition, in two volumes, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems will be published in December. This edition, which is limited to 310 copies, is coming from William Morris's Kelmscott press. Some unpublished reminiscences of Rossetti's early days, taken down as art are soon to be made public in London, in a volume devoted to the founding of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

It is worth while to quote what the dyspeptic Carlyle said about prose in a letter which has just been put in print: "As to Progress, about which there has been such chanting and trumpeting for the last half century, especially for the last score of years, I confess I could never see much in it. I decidedly discern any progress, except in smith work and its adjuncts—a very sooty, shrieky, and to me, contemptible kind of progress—yielding, as I often say, immensities of gold to those who least of all deserve it among us."

PURELY PERSONAL.

David Bennett Hill amuses himself by walking around the capitol during the silver talk.

Robert Louis Stevenson is in quarantine at Honolulu nursing his sick Samoan servant, Talola.

Young Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, has earned the reputation of being the most expensive eater in Congress.

Ex-Governor Prince, of New Mexico, is now at the World's Fair attending to his duties as secretary of the territorial board of managers.

Mr. Ye, the Corean minister at Washington, and his wife attend the Presbyterian church but not in Corean costumes, which they wear only upon state occasions.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls now declares it to be his ambition not to become governor of Kansas, but to defeat the man who succeeded him in the United States Senate in 1890.

Dr. Berillon, a French physician, has invented a new name for the habit of gnawing the finger nails, onychophagia, or, in Greek, onychophagy. He calls it a nervous disease.

John Hooker, husband of Isabella Beecher Hooker (sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher), has just resigned the position of reporter of the supreme court of Connecticut, which he had held for thirty-six years.

John R. Russell is to deliver an address on the horse at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture in Great Barrington in December. Governor Boies, of Wisconsin, is to speak at the same gathering.

Ho War Tong, a prominent dealer in glassware at Hong Kong, who has hitherto purchased his stock in France, Germany and Belgium, has decided to have his wares manufactured hereafter at the Pittsburg and New Jersey factories.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mr. Edward Terry, an English musical editor, says that women compose some of the finest dance music and some of the best songs.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by the majority of nearly 200,000.

Queen Victoria is a skilful and indefatigable knitter. She and her ladies in waiting have knitted many quilts for the use of soldiers in the hospitals.

Miss Jessie Ackermann, the second round-the-world missionary, and president of the Australian W. C. T. U., has completed her trip. It occupied four years, during which time she traversed over 100,000 miles.

The Queen of Roumania, who is delighted at the prospect of an heir to the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, has designed a cradle for her future grandnephew or niece. It is to be completed by the time desired—a word can be said in favor of the design is unique and of great beauty.

The Queen-Regent of Spain is a magnificent swimmer, and fond of the exercise. Every day in the season at San Sebastian, where the members of the royal family sun themselves, the beach-house is thronged with spectators to witness her majesty's really remarkable feats. She is always accompanied by two men in a boat, who often find it impossible to keep up with her movements.

In England the "college by post" system has enrolled about 4,000 students and over 200 teachers. In this organization, women of leisure volunteer to teach girls who have not the means or time to attend school. It is all done gratuitously and by mail. Girls desiring instruction in any special branch write to the head of the system, and are assigned to some volunteer teacher in that branch. In this country the same work is carried on by the Kings' Daughters, under Miss Kate Bond

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 11-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved solid hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells from $18 to $25. Subscribers should get it for $20. Sent by registered mail to subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD-ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-pieces, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Men's stylish "trace," rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. Christ Leaving the Praetorium.
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

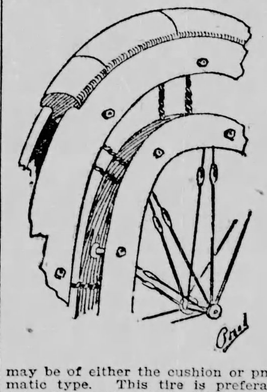
Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A NEW BICYCLE WHEEL.

One of the New Things to Make Smooth Riding.

A Frenchman has patented the bicycle wheel shown below, which is strong and durable and designed to promote smooth riding.



The rim of the wheel consists of two side plates held a proper distance apart by short bolts or rods, and inclosing between their outer edges a band or tire of double T-shape, which may be of either the cushion or pneumatic type. This tire is preferably formed in sections to facilitate repairs and the substitution of new sections. Rods surrounded by spiral springs and having a sliding connection with the outer rim are also connected with the plates of an internal concentric rim through sleeves riveted upon the inside of the latter, to allow for a limited degree of bending or compression upon the external rim. The metal spokes are each formed of a pair of rods secured at their inner ends to the hub in the ordinary manner, but their connection with the inner rim is through oppositely threaded sleeves or nuts, operating as turn-buckles, in the opposite ends of which are screwed short rods or stems connected with the rim, whereby the spokes may be readily tightened by turning the sleeve.

COLD WEATHER RULES.

By Observing Them You May be Saved a Sick Spell This Winter.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

In sleeping in a cold room, establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion and other disease.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.—Sanitarian.

Cruelty to a Boy.

Little Boy—Sister isn't sisterly a bit. She don't care how much she makes me suffer.

Auntie—Why, what has she done?

Little Boy—I was awful hungry at breakfast and enjoyin' my oatmeal like everything, and she went and told me that it was scorched, and after that it tasted horrid. If she'd go to Sunday school regular, maybe she'd get kind enough not to tell me till I was through.—Good News.

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

The Reform Movement in Several Cities—Fights in the Different States—Judge Geary's Candidacy.

New York, Oct. 31.—The campaign of 1893 closes this week with rallies in every city and town where elections are to be held next Tuesday, and while the issues are largely state and local, the fight has been marked by more bitterness than has been engendered in any election of recent years. In New York state the contest has been waged on the candidacy of Judge Isaac Maynard, the Democratic candidate for the court of Appeals, his opponent being Edward T. Bartlett, of New York, and in Brooklyn the war made by the Independents and Republicans on Mayor Boody has been marked by greater virulence than has been known in the history of that city since Seth Low, the present president of Columbia college, was elected mayor. Charles A. Schieren, the Independent candidate, is in the leather trade in New York, and one of the most prominent citizens of the City of Churches. One feature of the canvass is Dr. Talmages advocacy for Mayor Boody.

CHARLES T. O'FERRALL,
(D.) for Governor of Virginia.

The campaign in Virginia is one of the most important known in that state since the war. Its consequence consists not so much in the election of a chief magistrate and lieutenant governor as in the election of members of the legislature. These legislators not only elect two United States senators, but members of the Supreme court, one hundred county judges, and all the Circuit judges in the state. The results of this election will reach away into the twentieth century, for the members of the Supreme court serve twelve years. Small wonder is it, then, that Virginians at home and abroad take such an extraordinary interest in the result of the election that will be held on November 7.

CHARLES A. SCHIEREN,
(Cit.) for Mayor of Brooklyn.

It has long been a question in Virginia as to whether the system of electing the entire judiciary of the state is a good or bad method. Under it to-day the Mahoneites hold the Circuit judges and the Supreme bench. Then the terms of the judges are too long. Twelve years is a very long (R.) for Judge Court of Appeals, N. Y. tenure for any one. Should the official prove to be bad, any term is too long. While the Mamone bench has not been so very objectionable, it has served to emphasize the error and general weakness of the system.

H. S. BUNDY,
(R.) for Congress in Ohio.

Cumberland, is the Populist nominee for governor. Capt. Cocke was graduated from the University of Virginia just prior to the war. He entered the Southern army as a private, and was raised to the rank of a captain. He is an extensive farmer in Cumberland, and connected with some of the most prominent families of the state. Capt. Cocke is about 55 years old.

In Iowa the contest for the governorship between Horace Boles and Frank D. Jackson has also developed a personal character altogether unexpected, the pension charges against the Republican nominee forming the basis of the attacks. The record of Governor Boles is well known.

Frank D. Jackson, the Republican nominee for governor, lacks six months of being 40 years old. He was born in Wyoming county, N. Y., the son of Hiram W. Jackson. The family were abolitionists of the most pronounced kind, and soon after the war broke out the father went as a first lieutenant in the Seventy-eighth New York regiment, and the mother as a nurse, and both served until the end. In 1867 the family came to Jesup, Buchanan county, Iowa. Frank was a student at the Iowa agricultural college, and later, in 1874, at the law department of the State University, from both of which he was graduated.

JOHN E. RUSSELL,
(D.) for Governor of Mass.

He practiced law in Greene, Butler county, for several years, but was always more interested in politics than in his profession. The summer of 1881 gave him his opportunity. William Larrabee, a millionaire miller and land speculator, was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor against Buren R. Sherman, then auditor of state. The latter lived in Black Hawk county, adjoining Butler, and there was no doubt that Butler was for Sherman. But Jackson went to work and organized the county for Larrabee and secured the entire delegation for his man. Sherman, however, had the machine that year and Larrabee was defeated, but won four years later.

M. DE KALB SMITH,
(D.) for Comptroller of Maryland.

This was the beginning of Jackson's political career. Larrabee was the recognized leader of the state senate, of which he had been a member for sixteen years, and he secured Jackson's election as secretary in 1882. At that time this place was the stepping-stone to the office of governor.

EDWARD T. BARTLETT,
Secretary of State. Ed. Wright, Josiah T. Young and J. A. T. Hull had gone from the one to the other in succession, preceding Jackson. So in 1884, at the age of 30, having been secretary of state two terms, Jackson started out to get the Republican nomination for secretary of state. He made a personal canvass of the state, and with the army of young men that he drew about him he defeated W. W. Russell, one of the leading politicians of the state.

He was elected and held the office

JOSEPH E. GARY,
(R.) for Judge of Supreme Court, Chicago.

three terms, when he announced that he would retire from politics, so far as office holding was concerned. He became president of the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance company of Des Moines at that time, January 1, 1890, and has been active in business ever since. The nomination came to him absolutely unsought and while he was in New York city on business, where he had been for three weeks before the convention met.

In Ohio the campaign between Laurence T. Neal and Governor McKinley has been fought out on protectionist and tariff reform lines. In Massachusetts ex-Congressman Russell, the Democratic nominee, is pitted against ex-Congressman Frederick T. Greenholge, and in this contest national issues have also been made the leading feature of the campaign.

HORACE BOIES,
(D.) for Governor of Iowa.

In Chicago, the renomination of Judge Gary by the Republicans has brought out all the old anarchist issues, for it was he who secured the conviction of the anarchists.

In Maryland, Marion De Kalb Smith, the Democratic nominee for state comptroller, the only state officer to be voted for, is certain of election. But little interest is manifested in the election.

Hezekiah S. Bundy, the Republican nominee for Congress in Southern Ohio, is a character of great interest. His fight has been a warm and a somewhat bitter one.

Free Thought.

Jaspar—The older a man grows the more liberal he becomes in his opinions, as a rule.

Jumpuppe—Yes. He becomes so liberal that he lavishes his opinion on everybody who will listen to him.—Puck.

F. T. GREENHALGE,
(R.) for Governor of Mass.

Then the terms of the county judges are too long. So, altogether, a change in the method and terms of the several degrees of the state judiciary is a matter that is likely to be remedied at the first opportunity in the future.

Congressman O'Ferrall was nominated by more than three-fourths of a convention of over 1,200 delegates. Capt. Edmund Randolph Cocke, of Cumberland, is the Populist nominee for governor. Capt. Cocke was graduated from the University of Virginia just prior to the war. He entered the Southern army as a private, and was raised to the rank of a captain. He is an extensive farmer in Cumberland, and connected with some of the most prominent families of the state. Capt. Cocke is about 55 years old.

JAMES B. CARROLL,
(D.) for Lieutenant Governor of Mass.

EDMUND R. COCKE,
(Pop.) for Governor of Virginia.

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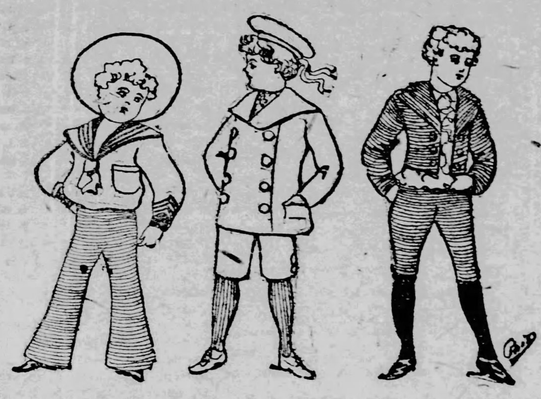
FOR SMALL BOYS.

Styles Are Interesting and Diversified—Some of the Latest Suits.

Little boys' fashions grow more and more interesting all the time, for while the styles in the main remain the same, the manner of carrying them out shows great diversity. The kilted suit has this year a square-cornered coat of the zouave order, which may be of velvet or cloth, and is usually accompanied by a skirt of plaid. If the dominant color in the skirt is green, the coat, which is plain green or blue, matches it. These coats are decorated with braid put on in a pattern, or they have straps of silk braid an inch long set on from the edge in toward the armholes, turned to a sharp point at the ends, and followed round with a single row of the soutache braid, looped at the points. About three of these appear on each side of the front. Boys in trousers have elegant little dress suits with ribbons buckled about the knee and lapels faced with colored silk. If the suit is brown, the lapels are faced with yellow; if green, with lighter, brighter green; if black, with scarlet and black striped silk.

Boys of eight wear smart little coats with tiny brass buttons and braid for decoration over thin and much frilled shirts of white, which show all around the waist. The little shirts are made of ruffles of fine embroidery, either white or colored, with frills bound with a color, and with all manner of ornament except lace. Broad lace collars with generous ties of dainty silk are reserved for full dress.

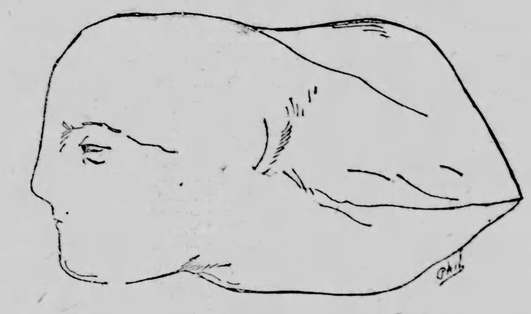


Even sailor suits are made dressy with borders of white or bright wool set on with rows of braid in a deeper tint. The reefer overcoat, with the Tam O'Shanter of leather, and the cape overcoat, with the felt cocked hat, are the favorite out-door garments.

UNEARTHED ON CAPE COD.

A Carved Stone That is Interesting the Local Antiquarians.

Mr. R. H. Harris, a merchant at Yarmouthport, while recently removing the subsoil from the acropolis of the hill in the rear of his house, exhumed a stone twice the size of a hen's egg on which is plainly sculptured in profile the face of a human being.



A STONE UNEARTHED ON CAPE COD.

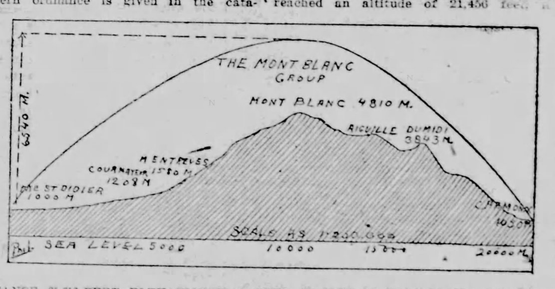
A careful examination of the stone has revealed the fact that not only one profile, with its accompanying incisions is carved thereon, but that there are two faces at opposite ends of the stone.

As this is the first discovery of the kind at Cape Cod yet recorded, it is exciting considerable interest and may lead to further investigations. Some think that the stone is an Indian relic, while others believe it to be contemporary with an earlier age.

SHOOT OVER MONT BLANC.

The Krupp Gun at the World's Fair Could Do It.

An excellent illustration of the power of modern ordnance is given in the catalogue which the Krupps, of Essen, have issued concerning their exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The 9.45-inch coast gun, which is 40 calibres long and weighs 31 metric tons, is so mounted that it can be fired at an elevation of 44 degrees. With a projectile weighing 474 pounds and a powder charge of 253 pounds, an initial velocity of 2,000 feet was obtained, and with the maximum elevation of 44 degrees, the projectile was hurled a distance of 65,616 feet at the Meppen proving grounds. In its flight the projectile reached an altitude of 21,456 feet.



DISTANCE, 65,616 FEET; ELEVATION, 21,456 FEET. HEIGHT OF MONT BLANC, 15,781 FEET

MISPLACED AFFECTION.

It was during the war that a Union general, while riding along a byroad, came across a small body of his own cavalry.

As they suddenly drew up at his approach one of the riders was thrown violently from his horse, and dropped with a dull splash into about a foot of soft, sticky Virginia soil.

The soldier slowly crawled to his feet and then walked to the side of the road and perched himself upon a rail fence, where he sat without making any effort to rid himself of the mass of mud which rendered his features almost indistinguishable.

"HE PERCHED HIMSELF UPON A RAIL FENCE."

"What's the matter, my man; are you hurt?" asked the general kindly.

"Naw," replied the raw Westerner, in a tone of deep disgust; "I ain't hurt none, but I'll be gosh blamed if I ever love a country again!"—Harry Romaine in New York Press.

Ten Years of Crime.

1884—"In the Gloaming."
1885—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."
1886—"Only a Pansy Blossom."
1887—"White Wings."
1888—"Sweet Violets."
1889—"Annie Rooney."
1890—"Down Went McGinty."
1891—"Comrades."
1892—"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."
1893—"After the Ball."—Quincy Herald.

Not a Feminine Error.

May Sayit—Three-fourths of her acquaintances take her to be five years younger than she is.

Jack Askit—Do you mean to say that only one-fourth of her acquaintances are women?—Puck.

No One to Disappoint Her.

She—I never expect to marry.

He—Then you'll never be disappointed.—Exchange.

THE ICE IN THE PUNCH.

The wall of the 'cello is soft, sweet and low,
There are strains of romance in the thrumming banjo.
The violin's note—feel it float in your ear,
And the harp makes one fancy that angels are near.
The voice of a young girl can reach to the heart,
The song of the baritone—well, it is art.
The flute and the lute in gavotte—the guitar
In soft serenade—how entrancing they are!
But to all the mad millions
Who dance at cotillions
There's naught like the clink and the clank and the crunch
Of the ice in the punch.

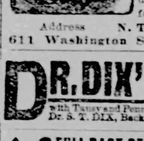
So here's to the recipe, ancient in Spain,
And here's to the basket of cobwebbed champagne.
Again to the genius who grows the sharp spice,
But ten times to King Winter who furnishes ice—
For to all the mad millions
Who dance at cotillions
There's naught like the clink and the clank and the crunch
Of the ice in the punch.
—Town Topics.

Pretty salt spoons are in the form of a small water lily leaf. Tea spoons, with round bowls formed of Queen Anne coins, are quaint and interesting.

A RANCH with 200 horses to exchange for property or cash. The Ranch, Ft. Stevenson, N. D.

AGENTS, now is your chance to make money. Secure territory quick for the World's Fair and ornamental Wheel Indicator. Calendar and souvenir sample 15c. Crescent Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."



Canvassers wanted to sell the Improved Hall Typewriter. Writes all Languages. Price, $30. Great inducements to agents. Send for catalogue and terms

Address N. TYPEWRITER CO., 611 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

DR. DIX'S Celebrated Female Powders never fail. Ladies declare them worth $5 a box, other selling at $1. Sold by druggists, or mailed, particulars 4 cents. Dr. S. T. DIX, Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

FULL PACK OF MARKED CARDS with Tapley and Pennyfeather Patent Shuffling Attachment, sent C. BERT & CO., 103 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. 30

AGENTS MAKE MONEY Selling the New Moon Embroidery Ring, for all kinds of fancy work, darning and mending; good profits and a clear field. Sample and full particulars mailed for 25 cents. The Ohio Novelty Co., D 29, Cincinnati, O.

FREE TO MEN SEXUAL POWER Restored in 2 to 5 days. Belt in a few hours, but a treatment of genuine remedies absolutely free to any sufferer; perfectly harmless; 50% PARTS ENLARGED, positive cure for abuse, Emissions, Varicocele, Debility, etc. Action Med. Co., Washington, D. C

FREE REMEDY. BEFORE. MANHOOD RESTORED AFTER. Small, weak organs enlarged, Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, and all effects of Self-Abuse or Excess cured. Never returns. I will gladly send (sealed) FREE to all sufferers a receipt that cured me of these troubles. Address, L. BRADLEY, Box S 21, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE PERCHED HIMSELF UPON A RAIL FENCE."

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1884—"In the Gloaming."
1885—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."
1886—"Only a Pansy Blossom."
1887—"White Wings."
1888—"Sweet Violets."
1889—"Annie Rooney."
1890—"Down Went McGinty."
1891—"Comrades."
1892—"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."
1893—"After the Ball."—Quincy Herald.

Not a Feminine Error.

May Sayit—Three-fourths of her acquaintances take her to be five years younger than she is.

Jack Askit—Do you mean to say that only one-fourth of her acquaintances are women?—Puck.

No One to Disappoint Her.

She—I never expect to marry.

He—Then you'll never be disappointed.—Exchange.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

For months past the Toledo Blade has been preparing a surprise for its readers in the form of a new book publication.

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume will therefore give practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It will be set in plain, readable type, giving, however, a large amount of matter on each page, and will contain between 500 and 600 pages. There will be matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile;" but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has at present over 160,000 subscribers. A small percentage, however, do not belong to our regular yearly list, but we estimate that there are 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting it in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, $100,000. Few people can realize the magnitude of this task, and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all of our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose term will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent at any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care and do not send until your subscription has actually expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nas

The Household

Miss Emily S. Bouton, Editor.

HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING.

NOVEMBER.

The sigh of the wild, wild rain
Sobs through the leafless trees!
And we are mute with the pain
Of Heaven's inharmonies!

Some throb of that deep unrest
That bursteth the binding chain
Of strife in the human breast,
Is thine, November rain!

The fire of a baleful hate,
The storm of a passion spent!
And Eve at the outer gate
Of Glory's banishment!

The dregs of a magic cup
That nature is holding still!
The dead blossoms lifted up
The heart of earth to thrill!

O, prone are the golden days!
Life's blood was dancing warm
Lilted and heeled ways
When skies might brew no storm!

The bird to the southward flies,
Seeketh a sunny shore;
There under glowering skies
Is blue forever more!

There on the azury rim
Hiding the star on star,
Is song of the Seraphim,
Where never storm clouds are!

HOME TALKS.

A LITTLE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LUCY STONE.

The Work Which She Did for Humanity—Equal Rights for Women With Men.

Beautiful Lucy Stone has left the earth life!

When last week the tidings flashed on wings of fire that she had passed from the seen into the unseen, there came to me a sense of personal loss, as if something sweet and precious had gone out of my life, and could not be replaced. And I think women everywhere feel much in the same way. It is not simply that the pen that was never used save to help others is laid down forever; that the voice which spoke only words of truth, of love, of righteousness is stilled for aye; but it is the passing from the outward physical plane of the pleasant personality which meant so much to all who came within its influence. It was the great soul which was thus translating itself that made that bodily presence radiate such beauty and

LUCY STONE.

purity. And looking back over the life which spanned five years more than the three score and ten allotted to humanity, the one verdict must be that the world is better for her life, and her peaceful passing is a well-earned reward for unselfish, untiring labor for women, and thus for humanity.

I shall never forget her as I saw her last October at her desk in the office of the Woman's Journal in Boston, nor the hour's converse with her, of which even the memory is uplifting. Already the golden light of the beyond seemed to have struck across the chasm of time, and touched her face with its radiance. Her one anxiety was for the progress of that work to which the energies of her years had been devoted, but she looked at it in a broad way that took in not just the present material benefits of a successful issue, but the wonderful possibilities that would thus be unfolded for the future. As she talked, with her eyes alight, her sweet voice thrilling with the largeness of her thought of the future of women, anon touched with a tender inflection as she spoke to me of a great sorrow which had recently come into my life, I thought that here indeed was the very essence of that unselfishness that puts self aside and sees only what concerns others. The memory of her serene presence, so like that of another to me the sweetest in the world, will remain, like that other, a veritable benediction.

I do not intend to give a formal sketch of Lucy Stone to-day. That has been many times eloquently done during the week that has passed since the folded hands were laid over the stilled heart. I write only to lay a little tribute on the altar to her memory.

The story of her life, with its courageous struggle with circumstances to gain an education, is one that every girl may read and thereafter take heart, whatever be the obstacles in the way of some deeply desired accomplishment for her future. Rebelling with all the strength of a vigorous nature against the law and the custom which gave to the boy the advantages of a good education, while the girl must be content with what enabled her to read and write fairly well, with invincible resolution Lucy Stone, in early youth, set herself the task of breaking down the barriers, and winning the advantages she longed for. One can see, as in a picture, the sturdy little maiden picking berries and gathering chestnuts among the hills surrounding her New England home, then selling them to buy books, studying in the intervals of her teaching, and fitting herself to go to college. Not until she was 25 had she earned enough to start for Oberlin, at that time the only college in the country that admitted women. Here she lived upon fifty cents a week, washing and ironing her own clothes and teaching in the preparatory school in order to be able to go on, even doing housework at three cents an hour to add to her little store, her spirit and determination never failing, until at last she gained what she had longed for, the intellectual training that enabled her to do much brave battle against injustice, and to help those weaker than herself.

Mrs. Livermore, in speaking of her to a representative of the Boston Transcript, said concerning her character:

"When her mind was made up all the world and the Almighty on top of it couldn't have made her budge one inch. But then, the Almighty was always on her side. She had a passion for justice. All her life long it was equal chance she wanted for women, and she could not get it here soon enough. She was the most accurate of women. You could rely absolutely on her statements. If she told me there were four hundred and fifty people in a room, I should not doubt it, but I should know there were exactly 450, and not 449 or 451.

Her house was always a home for every woman who needed a home and she a friend, who came to ask it. Nobody knows—not even the heart-broken husband, who has lived for her and her cause, in spite of his own sometimes faltering hopes for it—how many she has cared for in her own home, of those who needed a lift in work of life or hope.

Hers was an ideal home, and she had a husband in whose sight she could do no wrong. It was in 1853 that Mr. Blackwell first saw her and for the next three years he persistently urged her to become his wife. Mrs. Livermore says that:

"Lucy Stone had made up her mind never to marry, and I am sure she would never have married if the one husband in the world for her had not come. Harry Blackwell loved her so well that he married all her beliefs and her isms, too, and consecrated his life to devoted service to the cause to which she had pledged her life. She meant to go on; she meant never to stop work at all, but after her little daughter came, there was a time when, if the whole world had needed her she would have turned her back upon it in her absolute devotion to her baby. She was the most utter mother, the most complete home-maker, and housekeeper.

The public work of Lucy Stone I need not dwell upon. It is too well known to need repetition here. It began in Oberlin when she was studying there, and it ended only with her life. As a speaker she had a magnetism that never failed to carry her audience with her. As a writer her words were strong, her logic unanswerable and both as speaker and writer she rarely failed to convince.

Her life as Lucy Stone is ended, but the world is more beautiful for its living. She was great with the greatness that comes from the devotion of rare gifts to the service of humanity. Those who know her best loved her most, but none can fail to recognize the glory of a character in which self-abnegation was made the governing law. To the dear ones left behind the poet's words may well be repeated:

Say not of thy friend departed
"She is dead;" she is but grown
Larger-souled and deeper-hearted,
Blossoming into skies unknown.
All the air of earth is sweeter,
For her being's full release;
And thine own life is completer,
For her conquest and her peace.

Roll the stone from sorrow's prison
White-robed angel, holy Faith,
Till with Christ we have arisen,
And believe the word He saith:
Heaven is life to life brought nearer,
Love withdraws, more love to give,
"Hearts to hearts in Me are dearer,
Lo! I live, and ye shall live!"

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT

On Various Subjects—Most Economical Ideas.

The editor wonders if the members of the Household have noticed the increasing interest that is being shown in our department, by the nice letters that are coming to us each week? They are full of pleasant, chatty news, and of sensible and valuable suggestions, which will be of use to many a perplexed housekeeper. Some of our long-ago friends are coming again, and we welcome them most heartily, and shall hope to hear from others. The new friends are also very welcome, and we are glad to count them among the number who are helping us to help others. "Mary" and "Jean Hunt," those constant workers, whose advice and suggestions are so eagerly looked for by most of the readers of the Household, will, it is hoped, continue to meet with us during the year.

In fact, the Household promises to be so very good this winter that the editor feels much like indulging in considerable pride on its account. Not sinful pride, of course, but the pride that comes from the success of a work in which she is so much interested, and from a grateful sense of the kindness of her Household friends, who are helping to make the success so great.

The falling leaves remind us that the winter is at hand, and in spite of these beautiful days, we know that soon the cold and unpleasant ones will be here, and it stands us in hand to prepare for them.

What with the hard times that are the result of the dullness in business circles, and the consequent lack of employment for many, and the necessary economy that many will have to practice to balance the unusual expenses of the trip to the great Exposition this year, it is going to be a question of interest to all of us as to how we can make a little go the farthest.

Old clothing will be mended and made over, and worn; and all of the little economies of housekeeping will be practiced to a greater degree than usual. But, after all, we have much to be thankful for; if we have anything to make over, let us be thankful for that, and never forget to divide with those who are not so fortunate, and try to help each other by word and deed, to work and wait patiently till "better times" come.

HOUSEHOLD LETTER BOX.

Letters Both Pleasant and Helpful From Our Friends.

I want to say in reply to Country Teacher, that I, too, live in the country, and that in spite of having to "bake, churn, scrub and raise chickens," I find time to read. I have read David Copperfield, and while I am not a very warm admirer of Dickens, I think it advisable to read his books, as they are so often quoted from. I think Agnes Wickfield the strongest character in David Copperfield. I do not believe such a reptile as Uriah Heep ever lived. I consider "A Tale of Two Cities" Dickens's best book.

In judging a book there are many things to be taken into consideration As, for instance, the author's purpose in writing the book, whether the description of the various scenes and characters are real and lifelike; whether their lives are the natural outcome of their environment and conditions. Whether the ideal is a high one, helpful and instructive. Or, are the characters overdrawn, unnatural, and the tendency of the book to give us false opinion and destroy our belief in goodness and purity.

I hardly know who my favorite author is. I enjoy several almost equally well. George Eliot, with her subtle philosophy, deep pathos, and rich humor, affords me the keenest enjoyment. George Macdonald's books raise one to a high plane and show what true, Christian charity is. It seems to me no person could read Robert Falconer without being the better for it. Walter Besant, with his love of humanity, and searching always for the best significance of life; W. D Howells, Ruskin, Carlyle and Emerson. I like them all.

One should always read with the intention of deriving some benefit from what he reads. I find it a good plan to keep a dictionary handy to find the meaning of words I don't understand, and to mark anything I come across that strikes me as being true, or good; to try to remember it and quote it when occasion offers. I take a couple of good magazines and find they are just what one needs to keep in touch with the world.

One can hardly read too much or too widely; it prevents narrowness, always to be feared, and gives a quickening impulse to the mind. Teachers especially, should be persons of wide interests and information.

In regard to the inclination of farmers' wives not being strong enough to force them to read, let me suggest that it is not inclination alone that creates a desire to read. It is a taste that must be fostered by surroundings, companions and education. One to read and enjoy, must understand what he reads. I believe there is more reading done in our farm neighborhoods than in our cities. I think the "Grange" is a great help in encouraging the farmers as well as their wives, to cultivate this taste for reading. The "Grange" here has a well selected library, which is kept circulating freely. The farmer's wife, as I know her, is as bright and as eager for culture for herself and family, as her sister, the city dame. I suspect I have written too much now, so will close, but will come again if Miss Bouton says so.—Laura Golden.

Miss Bouton "says so" very heartily. Just what we need to make our Household a Home place for all, is such "Golden" letters, full of pleasant words, that will give us new ideas on any subject, and will help others to think for themselves. Let all the members of this great Blade family bring the results of their reading and practical experience for the benefit of others, and thus, indeed, our Household page will fulfill its mission of mutual help.—Ed.

Aunt Mercy Answers "Nameless."

The ideal marriage supposes a perfect confidence in each other a feeling on the part of the young wife that "if I can trust myself with him, I can trust a little money," and on the part of the young husband the capability to use wisely for the benefit of both, the money she confides to his care.

If all marriages were ideal ones the question of "Nameless" would never arise. But all marriages are not such, and we must take the world as it is, and it is one of the hard things in your case, dear young wife, that no one should advise you! This is a question you must decide for yourself, according to your own best judgment and your truest impulses.

Consider, oh, wife! that you did not marry your husband merely to be supported, but because you loved him; unselfishly, and wished to make his life better and happier.

And, remember oh husband, that justice and fair dealing with your wife, as you would deal with men, will bind her to you as nothing else can, and that you cannot afford to live without that perfect confidence on the part of your wife, which can only be gained by such fair dealing!

She must be a happy wife who can, and knows she can, safely trust the managements of matters outside the home, to the husband, while she devotes all her time and care to the finer and more artistic work within.

Finally, I think I have seen in my many years of observation more discord and unhappiness in married life from a too great insistence on mine and thine, than from any other cause. —Aunt Mercy.

One Who Appreciates Mary's Letters.

There has been nothing in The Blade lately that was of so much practical value as Mary's articles on dying and dressmaking. I know many other Blade readers will agree with me, when I say that I hope she will continue to advise the housewives, who have but little money and several children to provide for. The subject of winter clothing is a perplexing one to many, for times are harder than ever before, and those who depend on their husband's earnings to provide them with the necessaries of life are in an uncleviable position when thrown out of employment, and wages stopped. Many of us are in that position now, with winter before us, for one can only go to make the best of what I have, and be thankful that I have something to make over.—Mrs. M. A. Welsh.

Let Us Hope That No One Is All Bad.

Romans xii.: 2.—To be conformed to the world is to be like the world, whether in morals, or behavior, or in dress: God's people have always been a peculiar people, and the pure religion of Christ is not fashionable now, any more than in the time of Moses. There is no lack of religion in these days, but a great lack of vital piety. Those splendidly dressed persons entering that magnificent edifice are called Christians, but in what respect are they different from the world? Are they different in manners? No! Are they different in conversation? No! Are they different in dress? No.

In all of these particulars they are sadly conformed to the world, and are on their way to people the regions of eternal night. What would Jesus say could He look at the operatic character of church worship in many of our cities to-day? I think He would rebuke them as scathingly as he did the Pharisees of old.—Rev. James M. Curtis.

HOME DECORATIVE WORK.

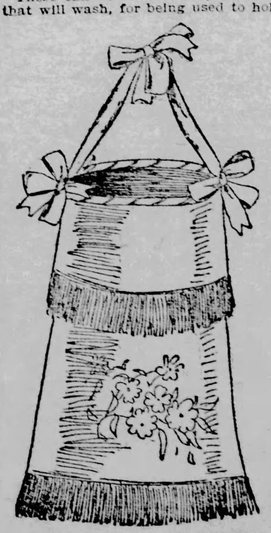
Descriptions of Bags for Different Purposes Made at Home.

Bags! Bags! Bags! Perhaps there is no article of general utility which can be made in such various styles, upon which so much of taste and ingenuity can be employed, while at the same time pretty material made up with little work will do equally well. Other fancy articles come into popular favor and depart again, but bags seem to do like Tennyson's Brook, go on forever.

The first to occupy our attention to-day are

Laundry Bags.

These can be made of any material that will wash, for being used to hold

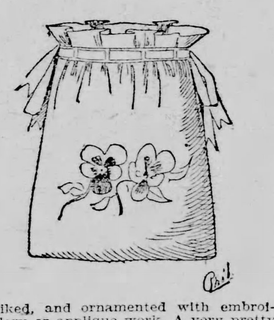


soiled clothes, they need the purifying effects of hot water and soap. The first one shown is made of heavy white linen. Get a piece 18 inches wide and a yard long. Fringe both ends across, and above one embroider a pretty design. Sew together, stitching closely across the bottom, just above the fringe. Turn the other end over, have a wooden hoop wound with ribbon of a color to match the embroidery, and sew the folded edge to the hoop firmly. Suspend by ribbons, or by a white linen cord. Of course, both hoop and cord must be taken off when the bag is washed.

Another bag used for the same purpose is made purse-shaped, of gray linen or crash. It is a yard long and about 40 inches wide. The two ends are braided in some pretty pattern, or they may be embroidered. If braided, use red braid, which will wash

well. Sew the pieces together lengthwise, nine inches deep at each end; then seam the ends across. Slip a celluloid ring over the opening and tie ribbons to it, to hang it up by. The ends may be trimmed across with linen fringe, with heavy lace or left plain.

The third is made of white momie cloth. It can be made of any size



liked, and ornamented with embroidery or applique work. A very pretty design is one of conventional flowers, button-holed around the edges, cut out and then turkey-red calico fastened under.

Other materials for the bags are cretonne, silkoline and denim.

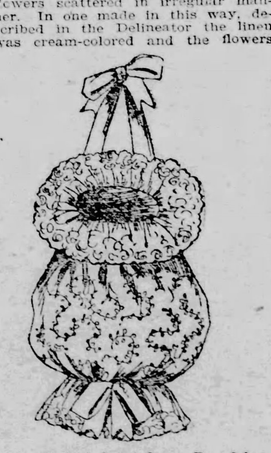
Embroidered Work-Bag.

A very beautiful article of this kind is shown in the illustration, and was described in Harper's Bazar some time since as follows: For the base

a piece of cardboard 11 inches square is required; this is covered with figured shrimp-pink silk, and the corners are turned up in such a manner as to leave a square of eight inches for the bottom. The bag set in, of pink silk, lined with olive, is 30 inches wide and 14 deep; the sides are joined, leaving a slit 3 inches deep at the top at the heading above the double drawing-string of pink and olive ribbons. A spray of flowers embroidered in shaded yellow silk and gold thread is repeated four times on the bag, between each two corners, alternately turned up and turned down. The base of the bag is edged with a fringed ruche of bias olive silk, within which is set a narrower ruche of baby-ribbon made by sewing loops on a quarter-inch strip of foundation. A rosette of ribbon is placed at each corner.

Other colors than those given here may be employed, and any pattern of flowers embroidered. This will make a very beautiful Christmas gift to a friend.

Another very pretty bag is made out of linen and covered over with fewers scattered in irregular manner. In one made in this way, described in the Delineator the linen was cream-colored and the flowers



made of shaded red floss. Broad lace was put across the bottom, which was drawn together and tied with a bow of ribbon, and the lace was also made to fall, frill-like, from the top, over the draw-string. Figured silk could be used for this style of bag.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

The Weekly Exchange of Questions and Answers.

I notice in a recent number of The Blade that you give permission for the exchange of books to a correspondent. Does this mean a return to the former custom of the Household of having an exchange department, through the addresses being given? If so, I shall be very glad to avail myself of it.—Esther.

The notice referred to in the above letter was the result of a misunderstanding, and will not be repeated. On the strength of it, several persons have sent letters to be forwarded to different addresses, and as all were sent in the belief that the exchange column was again opened, their letters have been forwarded, but no more will be attended to, as it is quite impossible for the editor to retain the addresses and direct mail to them.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me what to do to prevent myhair from falling out; also what to do to make it grow rapidly? What to do to reduce the size of my hips? They are quite large. Should like something harmless.—Jenny L.

Are there not some general rules for correct walking and standing; for the position of the body and especially for the disposition of the hands, that some one will give through the Household for the benefit of the boys and girls who wish to be as graceful as their city cousins, but who have not the advantages of training school? —Awkward.

I would like to know how to prepare horns for decorative purposes. I wish to make a hat rack and have prepared the horns as well as possible with glass and sandpaper, but do not know how to bleach and polish them. —Housekeeper.

Answers.

"A Blade Reader":—As you did not say whether the furniture covers were to be simply for protection or were to serve in place of having the furniture re-upholstered, I cannot answer. Come again and state just what you wish, and I shall take pleasure in aiding you. Your brown dress can be dyed navy blue, dark brown or black. It is a very particular job to dye and press a basque, but it can be done, if one has patience and uses care. For underwear I should get two changes of wool union combination suits, in black or grey. Use corset covers and underskirts combined, made of black satine, and an outer skirt made of some heavy dark wool goods, faced up with waterproof facing upon the under side. A plainly made grey or blue serge or flannel dress, and a long newmarket of mixed goods, unless you prefer a short jacket; a felt sailor or alpine hat. Add to these a good waterproof umbrella, over gaiters and rubbers. Some pretty white aprons with one or two black silk, or satine ones, a good supply of handkerchiefs and hosiery, and you have the principal things. If you want to be economical of washing, do not use white aprons, and a black satine nightdress or two will be a help in this direction. A pretty blouse or two made from any material, such as cashmere, outing flannel, or silk, are useful. Be sure to have a loose wrapper to wear in your room. You could make a cape out of your dolman, or you could use the fur and silk to trim a dress. If it is a long one, you might perhaps get a short jacket out of it.

Mary Hamm: Your half cotton and wool jacket that has faded can only be dyed a good black by using fast black dye for cotton. The wool part has not faded, only the cotton. Dye it whole, and press carefully, and I think you will find it satisfactory.—Jean Hunt.

Mrs. Clara Epply asks how to tan the hides of animals for their fur. The following recipe has been used in our family for years with perfect success. Take one-half pound of alum, one pound of saltpetre, five pounds of common salt, two ounces of corrosive sublimate and two gallons of water. Put in a four gallon jar, and cover it, so that no animal can drink it, for the corrosive sublimate is poison. If there is any flesh left on the hides, lay them on a table or board, flesh side up, and rub with a brick, or a dull knife until it is removed. After all the ingredients are dissolved, put the skins in the liquid and allow them to remain two or three weeks, then take them out, wipe the water off with a cloth, rub and work them until dry, and they will be soft and pliable. If you have only a few pelts to tan, one-fourth or one-half the recipe may be enough. The hides of cats, rats, squirrels and rabbits are nice for trimmings, or for making caps, muffs, or capes. Young lambskins that are curly may be used in the same way by dyeing them brown or black with diamond dyes for wool.

Prepare the dye, and put it in a shallow pan. When it is boiling, let two persons, standing on opposite sides of the stove, hold the pelt between them, and pass it back and forth in the dye, with the wool side down. Do not allow the dye to cover the skin. When it is the desired shade rinse and dry.

Sheepskins make beautiful rugs tanned and dyed in this way. The center may be cut out of one pelt, and the border of another. Sew the seams from the back over and over loosely so it will lie flat. The center may be of olive green, with a border of garnet; or pink may be used for the center, with a golden brown border. In fact any colors may be used to harmonize with furnishings of the room.—Mary.

THE COOK'S DOMAIN.

Some Good Recipes Sent by Household Friends.

The Household cook has felt that she has been very much slighted this summer because none of the many good housekeepers who read The Blade have sent her any of the recipes for the dishes for which they are famous among their friends and acquaintances. Perhaps the hot weather and the Chicago Exposition have been responsible, but now she hopes to hear from the friends, and if any have learned anything new in the culinary department, while they were attending the great Fair, they can confer a benefit upon us all by telling us about it.

Let some one send us some bills of fare, for home dinners, not fashionable dinner party menus, but some things that have been used by them and found to be appetizing and satisfactory when "father and children" come home hungry and tired. Also some things that can be easily prepared for a "hot supper" when the dinner is served at noon, and we all feel as if "bread and butter and sauce" is not quite enough for the evening meal.

Those who can serve elaborate dinners and luncheons every day and have high-priced servants to prepare them, can obtain their menus easily enough; what we want is something adapted to the wants and means of families who live on small salaries, and some things that can be had when the "guide man" is out of work for a time.

This week we give some hints from Mary and Jean Hunt, who thus prove that they are alike competent in anything they undertake to do.

A Few Ways of Cooking Potatoes.

Mashed With Cream.

Chop cold boiled potatoes fine and stir them into a cup of cold milk. Set it on the stove until heated through; then stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt to taste. If you have cream use it instead of milk and only half as much butter.

Salad.

Boil four large potatoes, slice them, peel one large onion and slice with the potatoes, mixing well, add one teaspoonful of salt, one of black pepper, a little mustard, and one-half a teacupful of vinegar; garnish with hard boiled eggs, sliced and laid on the top.

Creamed Sweet Potatoes.

Peel and boil sweet potatoes in a small quantity of water. When nearly tender enough, take them out and put in a small pan. Season with salt and pepper, drop a few lumps of butter over them, and for two quarts of potatoes sprinkle over them two tablespoonfuls white sugar and pour over them a teacupful of sweet cream. Bake until brown.

Potato Croquettes.

Season cold mashed with pepper and salt. Beat to a cream with a tablespoonful of melted butter to every cupful of potato; beat two or three eggs and mix them in. Roll into oval balls, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs and fry in hot lard.

Creamed Potatoes.

Chop either raw or cold boiled potatoes fine, place a layer in a pudding dish, season with salt, pepper and butter; sift a little flour over it, then more potatoes, seasoning, etc. When the dish is full pour milk or cream over them, set in the oven and bake to a nice brown. Cover for awhile to steam the potatoes, then remove the cover and finish. If raw potatoes are used allow 45 minutes to bake; those already cooked 30 minutes.—Mary.

Where one has plenty of cream there is nothing nicer than cream cake. Bake a nice layer cake and put sweetened cream beaten to a stiff froth between the layers and upon the top. Any stale cake can be steamed and served with whipped cream for a sauce.

Stewed apples mashed fine and sweetened, and then beaten light, with this same cream for sauce, is a delicious dessert.

It makes a pudding sauce that cannot be equaled.—Jean Hunt.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

The Girls Are Becoming Interested in It.

The editor congratulates the Merry-go-Round girls on the interest they are showing in making their department as helpful as possible. All are improving in the appearance of their letters but there is occasionally a girl who is a little careless about her spelling and punctuation. Look out for these things, girls, for you know the object of your work is self-improvement as well as to send something of interest to others.

Imogene Enjoys David Copperfield.

After reading the thoughts of "Country Teacher" I will write a few lines. Oh! how I wish I might sit down by her and help her to enjoy "David Copperfield" as I did. When I read it I was so fascinated by the comparisons so droll, and yet not void of some hidden lesson.

But now a word to the other girls, those who are not teachers, and who, like myself, will not be in school this winter. What reading have you planned for the long evenings? A friend and I have begun Shakespeare's plays, reading very slowly and using a book of explanatory notes also a dictionary. While we cannot expect to understand them perfectly, yet we hope to be greatly benefited. Another book I wish all girls would read is by Mrs. Frank Leslie, "Are Men Only Deceivers?" also "Maurine," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and I hope all the girls will write any helpful thoughts of the books they read. I must go now, but hope to find the door ajar again.—Imogene.

Semi-Mute Talks to the Girls.

I've been thinking for some time that I'd step in with a word or two for the "Merry-go-Rounders," but couldn't pluck up the courage until I had read the pleasant letters from "Nita Vansier," "Dashing Dot," "Nil,' and others.

Horatio Alger is my favorite writer for young folks, also John Russell Coryell, and having read all their works obtainable, should advise all young folks of a literary turn to give them a trial.

Sophia May, Louisa M. Alcott, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, I consider among the best writers for girls. But "Pansy" is my favorite. Her works contain a moral power that few other writers possess. Not even Roe is quite up to her standard of excellence and ability. Mr favorite humorists are Burdette, Twain and "Josiah Allen's Wife." I can understand the first and last better, and often laugh a long time over the drolleries of Burdette. He takes everything for granted, as if he was personally talking to his readers. I wonder if he realizes how often he comes so near "hitting the nail on the head."

I admire the literary power of Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne," and would like so much to know something of her personality; but I confess that I believe her genius would do much more towards the advancement of a taste for pure and exalting literature if turned into strictly moral channels, than many of her class.

Thena:—No young woman, or any one else for that matter, who does not wish to encourage sin in its onward march through our beautiful world, will associate with men of intemperate habits, or immoral character. —"Semi-Mute."

This Young Lady Appreciates Her Brother.

I do not know much about model young men, but I have a model brother, who neither uses tobacco in any form, drinks, plays cards, or goes to dances, and is a Christian. Being a cripple, I cannot go out in company very much, but think a girl should not receive attention from a young man before the age of sixteen. Then if she has been properly brought up she will know enough to keep within the bounds of propriety.

Queen Marguerite:—I think smoking a very bad habit, as well as injurious and disgusting, and think a girl should never give her consent for a young man to smoke in her company. I fear this letter is too lengthy now, so will close with the question, Should a young girl marry an old man?—Ann Amelia.

Write About What Interests You Most.

I consider those subjects which "Water Lily" mentions excellent ones. But I could not write an interesting letter on any of them. But don't you think it would be interesting to us and others if we would describe the scenery which surrounds our homes? And also tell which are our favorite studies? I think it is profitable as well as amusing to exchange our opinions on our studies. My favorite study certainly is book-keeping, and surely think a great many will agree with me.—Lurley.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

The sketch of Lucy Stone belongs in the regular series, although the editor felt that considerable space should be given to her, and, therefore, made her the subject of her "Home Talk." Next week a sketch of Capt. Charles King will be given.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing, comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet;
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum,
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,
And, lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are they and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So, shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

BLUE HAWTHORN.

CONCLUDED.

Tekla thought of this as she waited in the art rooms. The men were unpacking something apparently of great value, for the man with the book stood over them warning and directing them. It was not a big thing. It seemed to be a jar only a little larger than the jars which held the preserved ginger that Tekla, in the old days, had been so fond of. She stared at it gravely as the last wrapping fell away, revealing a rich blue surface, streaked all over with zigzag lines of a deeper tone. Everywhere upon the dark glaze a bewilderment of white blossoms broke, like flecks of foam on a purplish sea.

"It would be worth much more if the lid were not missing," said the yellow gentleman, standing off to admire it. "No, we haven't the lid that belonged to it. We had to have one made." As he spoke, he set on the mouth of the jar a cover of delicately wrought wood.

Just at this moment the door swung in, and two old men entered. Both of them were white-haired and well dressed, but while one was short and stout, with a certain testy look in his round red face, the other was little and frail, with pale, peering eyes.

The yellow gentleman came forward with a great show of deference.

"Ah, Fuyst," said the thin man, bowing listlessly. "So you've got some blue hawthorn, eh? Well, well! Are you sure it isn't a jug out of some modern kiln? Ah, these Japs! they're cute. Makuza Kosau, now! What that fellow can't do with a lump of clay—tch! tch!" He fetched an appreciative sigh.

"Rah!" said the fat old man, suddenly. "Foolery—all foolery! I wouldn't have come here with you, Winters, if you'd told me what sort of a place it was. Art!—poppycock!"

The other was giving slack attention. He had his eyes set on the blue jar. Tekla saw him lift it with a reverent hand. He put on his nose-glasses and scrutinized the blue oval, peering inside, and even examining the bottom of it. Then he set it back and breathed long.

"It's the real thing," he said, solemnly. "I won't say it's a finer piece of the blue hawthorn delf than any I have—I won't go so far as that, Fuyst. But it's a very pretty bit of old Chinese. Now the question is this: What's your figure, Fuyst? Oh, I know all about custom charges and freight! Put 'em all in—and how much?"

The yellow gentleman's eyebrows became bias in his smile.

"Oh, cheap!" he declared; "cheap! Two thousand dollars, Mr. Winters."

Mr. Winters did not, as Tekla expected, turn white with surprise.

He merely nodded absently. But his friend, the fat man, gave a growl of amazed disgust.

"For that blue jug?" he cried out. "Winters, you're not losing your mind? Two thousand dollars!"

Mr. Winters regarded him mildly.

"My dear boy," he said, I beg you not to excite yourself. You know little of art"——

"More than I want to!"

"And you cannot understand the noble enthusiasm of a collector. Artists, my dear boy"— He paused rather suddenly, as if he had remembered something. "Pardon me," he added. "I had forgotten.

"You've made me remember it, Winters," said the other, in a lower tone. "It's not strange that I hate the very name of art, when it cost me so dear. Ah, well!—a boy I doted on! —an only son, Winters—an only son, to set himself against me so!"

"But if he hated the idea of studying law, he cared only for art"——

"He doted on me!" exclaimed the other, getting very red. "My authority was questioned, sir—questioned! He told me he would not study law. He cared only for daubing paint on a canvas. I shut my doors on the matter. I thought time would bring him around—time and poverty. But he defies me still, apparently. It's been ten years, and sometimes—I tell you, Winters, sometimes I'd give all I've got to— to see him. If he'd come to me and say, 'Father, I've learned the folly of my notions'—but where am I running to? Buy your jug, Winters. I wish I had a hobby, too!"

He wheeled away and stood staring up at a purple satin hanging upon which a flight of birds was wrought in white silk. He took out his handkerchief, and as he did so one of his furred gloves fell to the floor at the feet of the little idol sitting cross-legged in a gilt shrine. But the old man did not notice his loss, nor anything except the hanging, till presently he felt a touch on his arm.

A little girl stood beside him—a little girl with a broad hat tied over her yellow hair, and with a pale, pretty face, from which dark eyes looked up at him.

"Your glove, sir," said Tekla.

"Heh?—glove? Oh, yes, yes. Dropped it, did I—and you saw it. A good girl. And where were you? I didn't see any little girls about when I came in."

"I was over there, waiting for my mother. She's gone to draw some pictures for the cat—cat—alogue."

"An artist, heh?" But Tekla shook her head.

"Mother says she isn't a real artist. She can only do little things. She never drawed at all till my father died. He was a real artist."

The old gentleman's face had rather a grim expression.

"What does your mother make pictures for if she doesn't pretend to know much about it?—heh?"

"She does it to earn money," explained Tekla. "We are not very well off, and the boarding-house lady is cross if she don't be paid every Saturday."

The old man had sat down on the end of the divan.

"So you're not well off?" said he surveying the faded blue capes and fleece of hair and little uplifted face. "Well, well! I guess you're just as happy. Ho-hum! I, now! I'm pretty well-to-do, but"—He shook his head.

Tekla slipped her little hand into one of his.

"You're not going to cry?" she asked, anxiously. "I don't like to see folks cry. My mother cries sometimes. When she thinks I'm asleep sometimes at night she cries, and says, 'Oh, Edmund, Edmund!' That was my father's name."

The old gentleman's face seemed to twitch. "Edmund?" he said—"Edmund?"

Tekla nodded. "Edmund Borden"—

She drew away, scared at the look of the old man. He seemed as if struggling for breath. Tekla reached and patted his cheek with a trembling hand.

"Tekla's sorry," she said.

"Tekla!" breathed the old man, coming to himself. "After his mother!"

Some one was talking in the anteroom.

"I will begin to sketch the teapot early to-morrow," Tekla heard her mother say, as the door swung wider.

"Mother!" she cried out, with a little gasp of relief. The old man had drawn her to her knee, and she slipped away.

"You have been making friends, Tekla?" smiled her mother, noting this.

The old man had risen, and was standing with a strange look in his eyes, which were no longer testy, but only wet. His friend having concluded his business concerning the blue hawthorn, came toward the three people at the end of the divan.

"Borden," he said, "I must apologize for keeping you"— He interrupted himself to ask, "Is anything wrong?"

The stout man appeared not to hear. He was looking at Tekla's mother, who, at the sound of his name, had turned very white.

"Madam," he said, "I—had a son." He repeated more steadily, "I had a son. This child's eyes—Oh, Winters! Winters! I can't forgive him now! I can't even beg him to forgive me!" He threw his hand over his face. Then, suddenly, he stretched it toward Tekla's mother. "You didn't come to me," he said; "you are poor, yet you wouldn't come to me!"

"After he died," said Tekla's mother, gently, "I wrote to you"—

"I never got your letter. I never heard a word of him after he wrote that he had married. Tekla tell your mother not to be harder on me than she can help!"

"My mother isn't hard on any one," said Tekla. And, indeed, the face under the widow's bonnet had no resentment in it as it turned from Tekla to Tekla's grandfather.—Eva Wilder McGlasson in Christian Union.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT AM I?

I am a magnificent temple at Rome, dedicated to all gods. I was built 30 years before Christ, by Agrippa, in the reign of Augustus. I was converted into a Christian temple in the year 600 A. D., and I still remain in an almost perfect state of preservation. I contain one circular hall crowned with a lofty dome, and lighted from above.

"CAPTAIN JINKS."

2.—PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My 1—2 is a boy's nickname.
My 3—4—5—6 is part of a lock.
My 1—3—4—5—6 is a boy's name.
My 7—8—9—10 is a casting of resonant metal.
My 11—12—13 is a girl's name.
My 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10—11—12—13 is the name of a famous author.

"J. H. N."

3.—POPULAR SOBRIQUETS.

1. Athens of America.
2. The Blue Hen.
3. City of Rocks.
4. The Corn Cracker.
5. Flower City.
6. Gibraltar of America.
7. Key of the Gulf.
8. Land of Steady Habits.
9. Mound City.
10. Turpentine State. "SID."

4.—AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A square piece of land is enclosed by a four-board fence, the boards being 11 feet long, and the number of boards equaling the number of acres in the piece; how many acres did the plot contain?

"S."

The first correct solution of No. 4 received by us will count ten towards the Prize to be given for most correct solutions at the end of the year. Other correct solutions of the same will count five.—Editor.

5.—CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Note—1—2—3 in each case spells a word; 3—4—5 spells another word; and 1—2—3—4—5 spells another, thus: Equal, a color, peeled, Pared, Pared.)

1. 1—2—3—4—5—A vehicle, obtained, equals a French term for leg-of-mutton.
2. 1—2—3—4—5—A pronoun, a perch, an ancient king of Bible times.
3. 1—2—3—4—5—An exclamation, to conclude, an infernal being.
4. 1—2—3—4—5—A girl's name, a century, a proverb.
5. 1—2—3—4—5—Plump, a boy's nickname, equals doomed.

Centrals, read downward, give my opinion of the Wonder Column. "Ned."

Answers to Puzzles of October 19.

1. Koschusko.
2. Nobly, eNd, AGa, ald, aNt, E. Centrals—Engine.
3. Catch the bear before you sell his skin.
4. Prefer, defer, refer; prevate, relate; debate, rebate; presume, resume; ascend, descend; decent, recent.
5. Tea-chest (teachest.)

Chat.

"Helen":—Thank you for sending your name; we certainly will not publish it against your wishes. All that is necessary for you to do in regard to preparing for the Masquerade, is to think up a character you would like to personate, and get out the costume most appropriate to that character, and send a description of character and costume to us, addressed, "To-ledo Blade, To-le-do, O. W. C. Masquerade." We do the rest.

"S."—Please address your communications to "Wonder Column," instead of "Question Column," as that is quite another department of The Blade. We are very glad to receive your contributions.

Speaking of addresses, will The Blade Young Folks who try for the "Letter Contest" prize please put "For Wonder Column Letter Contest" on their letters, to distinguish

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

GENERAL.

EX-GOVERNOR FOSTER TALKS.

Says There Is No Ground for the Suit Brought Against Him.

Fostoria, O., Oct. 25.—Ex-Secretary Foster was seen last night in relation to the suit that has been brought against him, his mother, wife and others for the recovery of property deeded them before his assignment.

Mr. Foster, of course, feels keenly this thrust at his integrity, but does not care at this time to make any public statement. Said he:

"There is absolutely no ground whatever for this suit by my creditors. When this case is tried it will be found that I have done nothing illegal or dishonest. The sale of my business block to Mr. Harkness for $110,000 was legitimate, and the books of the bank will show where every dollar of the money went. My creditors will gain nothing by the suit, while it will tie up the settlement of my affairs indefinitely, for it will mean a 10 year law-suit, considering all the parties brought into it."

Judge MacCauley, of Tiffin, at one time one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio, to-day stated, after looking carefully into the case against Mr. Foster that nothing can be made of it, and he has voluntarily offered to assist in the defense of Mr. Foster.

ALONE ON A SMALL ISLAND.

Experience of Two Sailors in the South Pacific.

San Francisco, Oct. 31.—The schooner Viking arrived last night with the two sailors who were marooned on Clipperton Island last May. Clipperton Island is a tiny speck in the South Pacific, and is covered with guano deposit. A company was organized to work the deposit, and the schooner Compeer left for the islands with a force of men.

The schooner was forced to return to San Francisco for supplies and machinery, but in order to hold the island left two sailors there with provisions for three months. The island is a desolate spot, and the sailors had misgivings that the schooner would not be back in three months, so one of them sent a letter to a friend in this city when the Compeer sailed, telling of their fears of being deserted.

The friend was asked to wait three months, and then if no vessel was sent to take them off he was to make the letter public. Three months passed, and as the guano company made no move to rescue the men the letter was published in the newspapers. Finally last August the schooner Viking was sent after the deserted sailors. It was known here that the men's provisions would be exhausted before the Viking could reach them, and there was much speculation as to their fate. The Viking found the men, Jensen and Hall, in good condition, and brought them back to San Francisco. They had eked out their provisions by eating birds' eggs.

DAISY GARLAND KILLS HERSELF.

Daughter of Ex-Attorney-General Garland.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Miss Daisy Garland, daughter of ex-United States Attorney General Garland, committed suicide at her home in this city by shooting herself this morning. She was 34 years of age and thought to have been insane at the time.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The mystery surrounding the death of the daughter of ex-Attorney General Garland, who committed suicide yesterday, is as deep as ever. The true cause of Miss Garland's self-inflicted death may never be known. She had a secre of some kind that preyed constantly on her mind, but it is said none of her friends knew exactly what it was. An intimate friend said this was the case. Many surmises as to the real causes would be made, he said, but as she had persistently refused to communicate it to any one, it was probable the secret had died with her. It was thought, he said, by some of her associates that she had a love affair which had turned out badly. She had been crossed in love. If this were true, the family or friends professed not to know who the man in the case is. No one in the house heard the pistol shot, nor did any one hear her fall to the floor. Her family relatives and surroundings were of the most pleasant. She was a great favorite with her father, who supplied her with every comfort and studied to make her happy.

M'KINLEY IS CONFIDENT.

He Speaks of the Great Meetings He is Having.

Akron, O., Oct. 28.—Governor McKinley was here a few minutes yesterday on his way to Canton to register. When asked about the outlook he said:

"Bright for a magnificent Republican vote and plurality. A wave of Republican enthusiasm is sweeping over the state that the Democratic committees are powerless to stem. That is why they have called on their imaginations to frame such stories as are current. I never addressed such meetings as those of this fall. They are simply too large. I can't make them all hear, and both the people and myself are disappointed. At the same time, if there is any danger to the party it is in over-confidence, and the stake is so great that no Republican can afford to stay away from the polls. I am asking the people of this state to vote for a principle, a principle I deem of immense importance at this crisis, and that principle is of infinitely more importance than any man or candidate."

THE NEWBY PENSION CASE.

Much New Evidence Has Been Collected.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 28.—Though the time for filing an appeal in the famous Newby pension fraud case expired yesterday no one made an appearance with that end in view in the federal court. Attorney Shutt states that much new evidence has been discovered showing that the fellow is Daniel Benton.

Included in the new evidence in letters written by Benton while in the poorhouse in Xenia and elsewhere in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois and Iowa to his mother at Erentwood, Tenn., and also the fact that several poorhouse keepers have identified him as Benton and would so swear if the case were to come up again. In all the poor-houses mentioned Benton has been since his release from prison in 1889.

OUTWITTED HER FATHER.

A Pittsburg Girl Marries the Man of Her Choice.

Pittsburg, Oct. 28.—A bright young girl of 17, wanted to marry the lover of her choice. Her father entered decided objections. She racked her fertile brain for some subterfuge by which she could obtain his consent. Then she had him arrested by the secretary of the anti-cruelty society, and only withdrew the prosecution when he signed papers giving his consent to her marriage, which was immediately performed by the squire before whom the suit had been brought. The girl being under age, made the parental consent a necessary prerequisite. The heroine is Laura Jane Heptner, of Elizabeth. Nat Everly, aged 21, is the lucky husband.

Monument to Jeff Davis.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 31.—A movement was started here last night with Dr. W. W. Parker at the head, to organize the scholars of the Sabbath, public and private schools in the South in an effort to build a monument to Jefferson Davis.

MURDERED THE MAYOR.

CARTER HARRISON, OF CHICAGO, ASSASSINATED BY A CRANK.

Saturday Night's Tragedy the One Topic Discussed in Office, Home and Factory—The Assassin Remains Calm and Expresses Neither Horror Nor Remorse at His Awful Crime.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Carter Henry Harrison, mayor of Chicago, was called to his door Saturday evening, and shot by an assassin, dying a few minutes later. The shooting occurred at the Harrison home, corner of Ashland and Jackson boulevards.

Four shots were fired, and three took effect in the body of the mayor. Either one of two shots would have proved fatal.

The assassin was Patrick Eugene Prendergast, who is no doubt insane, and did the shooting because, as he said, Mr. Harrison had promised him the place of corporation counsel, and failed in keeping the promise.

The murderer escaped from the house in the excitement following the shooting, and while the police were hunting for him he went to the Desplaines street station and gave himself up, admitting he committed the crime. Prendergast was a paper carrier, and was known about the mayor's office, where he called frequently, as a harmless lunatic. He has a mania for office, and pestered the mayor and officials, importuning them for the place of corporation counsel.

Intense Excitement.

The excitement about the Harrison mansion and throughout the entire city was intense. Dr. Foster, the first physician to arrive, declared the mayor to be beyond surgical aid. Preston Harrison, the mayor's son, tried to reassure his father by saying he would soon be all right. But the mayor had caught the look of discouragement from the doctor, and added

CARTER HARRISON AND MISS HOWARD.

his own apprehensions thereto.

"Yes, I am going to die," firmly, and then, modulating his intonation somewhat, he gasped:

"Where's Annie?"

This reference to her who was soon to become his wife brought the tears to his eyes, and growing faint at heart as in body, he fell back on the rudely improvised couch of rugs. "Where's Annie?" he repeated, his voice now almost stilled. A convulsive throb, his voice failed him, he choked up with the blood that was forcing up from the awful gape in the abdomen, a last look about him, and the mayor turned his head slightly to the right and gasped his last.

Miss Howard's Grief.

Miss Howard, who was to have married Mayor Harrison the 7th of November, was a guest at his home at the time of the murder, and was in her room up stairs. Miss Howard was worked over for almost an hour before she was restored to consciousness, and then the doctors, as gently as possible, broke the sad news. Despairing wails and hysterical groans, prayers, pleadings for the restoration of her lover's life, imprecations on the assassin's head, all followed in disjointed and disconnected sentences. The physicians tried to calm her, but she would not listen to the words of solace and comfort, and continued her strange actions until the doctors concluded to destroy her ability to brood with a potent and powerful anaesthetic. The drug had its effect, and soon Miss Howard fell off in a troubled slumber.

The Inquest Held.

At the inquest, held yesterday, nothing new was elicited. The physicians made a statement as to the

THE ASSASSIN.

wounds and the course taken by the bullets. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts as published, and recommended that Prendergast be held to the grand jury. The prisoner was present, but refused to make any statement.

At the Harrison Home.

There was a crowd of carriages and people at the Harrison home all day, and the services of six sturdy policemen were necessary to keep back the crowd. Telegrams and letters of sympathy are pouring in upon the family from every state in the Union, and from every large city. To-morrow the remains will lie in state at the City hall.

CAREER OF CARTER HARRISON.

Politician, Statesman, Author and Orator.

Carter H. Harrison was born near Lexington, Ky., February 15, 1825. His great-grandfather was the father of Benjamin, who was the father of President William Henry Harrison. His grandfather was first cousin of Thomas Jefferson, and he himself was cousin of John C. Breckinridge and Benjamin Harrison. By the death of his father he was left, when 8 years old, to the care of his mother, who was the daughter of Col. William Eussell, of the United States army and a Northwestern pioneer. Dr. Lewis Marshall, brother of the chief justice and father of Tom Marshall, prepared him for Yale, where he graduated in 1845. After graduating at Transylvania in law and traveling two years abroad, he came to Chicago in 1855, invested in real estate and became wealthy. He was commissioner of Cook county from 1861 to 1874, when he went to Congress, serving two terms. He attracted attention during the Hayes-Tilden contest, and introduced a resolution for six-year Presidential terms and making ex-Presidents eligible for one term only, but Senators for life. He was elected mayor of Chicago in 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885 and 1893. In 1884 he was the Democratic candidate against Oglesby for governor of Illinois, and the same year delegate-at-large to the national convention that nominated Cleveland. After completing his fourth term as mayor he made a trip around the world and wrote "A Race With the Sun." In 1890 he visited Alaska and the national parks, and his book on "A Summer's Outing," also added to his literary fame. In 1891 he purchased the Chicago Times, which he edited till elected mayor last April, and which his sons William Preston Harrison and Carter Harrison, jr., now own. He was married in 1855 to Sophia Preston. She died in Europe in 1876. In 1862 he married Marguerite E. Stearns, who died in 1877, and he was to have been married a few days hence to Miss Anna Howard, of New Orleans. He was, at the time of his death, a candidate for United States Senator. During the past six months he has received officials and delegations visiting the World's Fair and different congresses and conventions from various parts of the country and world, and his welcome addresses constitute a volume of happy thoughts and suggestions.

HE WROTE TO SENATORS.

Prendergast Was Interested in the Silver Fight.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Mayor Harrison's assassin seems not to have devoted himself exclusively to affairs local to Chicago. He has been writing letters and postal cards for some time past to Senators, and seems to have taken an especial interest in the silver question in opposition to the repeal of the Sherman law, and to have felt it to be his duty to instruct the silver Senators as to the course to pursue at every turn of the discussion. He probably received no replies to his communications, but was not deterred from writing on this account. His favorite medium was the largest postal card, and one of the leaders of the repeal opposition says he has received a dozen or more of these since the silver debate began in the Senate.

These communications were invariably begun in the upper left-hand corner of the card and written diagonally across, so as, apparently, to utilize all the space of the card, and crowding the name in the lower right hand corner. He generally signed his name as P. E. J. Prendergast, but occasionally as P. Eugene James Prendergast.

After President Cleveland.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Prendergast's bullets which took the life of Mayor Carter Harrison might have found

THE MURDER.

lodgement in the heart of a United States senator or even the President of the United States. For full two weeks before the murder of Chicago's mayor, the assassin had been directing messages through the mails to at least one United States senator which indicated that his mind was intensely wrought up against President Cleveland. The burden of all these communications was the silver question.

The letters came to Senator Dubois, of Idaho. The first letter came about October 9 and since then a morning has not passed without the receipt of a letter from Prendergast.

Funeral Arrangements.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—On every hand is seen manifestations of sorrow at the untimely taking off of Mayor Harrison.

At first the family of the late mayor objected to a public funeral but these objections were overcome by those who pointed out to the members the fact that the city is desirous of showing its respect to the dead. It has been settled that the body will lie in state to-morrow at the City Hall, and the interment will be in Graceland cemetery Wednesday.

The remains will be temporarily placed in a vault and the final burial of the body will take place at a later date.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—The remains of Chicago's Garfield were borne to the city hall to-day, there to lie in state. Dense crowds thronged the streets and sidewalks for blocks around the Carter Harrison mansion, on Ashland boulevard, and witnessed the start. In the main it was not a fashionable multitude, but it was such a one as the famous mayor best liked to move among and speak with.

Solemn stillness was observed as eight stalwart fire department captains emerged bearing the coffin. Light captains of police followed sharing with the fire captains the honors of pall-bearers. The cortege was a lengthy one, and the distance to the city hall, two miles through the heart of the city, was not covered for a considerable time.

Following the carriages containing city officials and mourners came a great throng resolved to accompany the comparatively small cortege proper to its destination.

The sweet strains of Chopin's funeral march floated out upon the quiet air from the instruments of 200 musicians stationed on the great steps of the La Salle street entrance to the city hall. In an instant the multitude which filled the street as far as the eye could reach became even more quiet, if possible, than during the minutes preceding. Hardly a sound was heard save the rumbling of wagons on some distant side street.

Lifted Their Hats.

As if by an inspiration coming to all the members of that vast concourse at the same instant, men lifted their hats and stood with uncovered heads awaiting the arrival of the people's dead. Men, women and children were packed into that vast multitude of people and all stood as though carved from stone. A moment later, when the casket was uncovered to the eyes of the people, sobs were heard on every side.

The Mayor Seemed Sleeping.

Seldom has such a gorgeous floral display been made in honor of any public man as could be witnessed within the great corridor where lay the catafalque, but the perfumed and brilliant-hued magnificence attracted scant attention. All day long two lines of people passed rapidly by, looking only at the black casket, with the prospect that they would so continue throughout the night, if permitted. The face the people looked upon was the one they had been accustomed to in life. Death had wrought no perceptible changes. The late mayor appeared to be sleeping.

The St. Paul Assembly has declared pool rooms public nuisances.

Several tons of paper have been made from sunflower stalks at Salina, Kan.

The recently discovered gold vein in Itasca county, Minn., assays $45 a ton.

THE BIG FAIR CLOSED

FINANCE COMMITTEE DOING SOME FIGURING.

Total Income From All Sources—What the Expenditures Have Been—Total Admissions.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—When Chairman Peck of the finance committee figured up with Treasurer Seeberger to-day he found the exposition had just $2,515,000 in bank and in the souvenir coin fund. Estimating yesterday's receipts at $150,000 more than the cost of administration for the day the balance on hand at midnight October 30 was nearly $2,750,000. Of this sum nearly $1,500,000 is in souvenir coins, counted at their face value of 50 cents each.

The total revenue from concessions for the six months was in the neighborhood of $3,750,000, from which deductions were allowed amounting to about $250,000 for improvements paid for by the concessioners. Receipts from admissions and minor sources aggregate about $10,500,000, not including salvage. Altogether the treasury has received over $14,000,000 since the first day of May from gate receipts, concessions and incidental sources of revenue.

Income From All Sources.

Against the income from all sources including $4,500,000 of bonds and $5,500,000 of stock there has been a charge of $10,000,000 for construction and the operating expenses have been about $7,000,000. Up to and including the closing day the stockholders have a prospect of between 15 and 20 per cent on their subscriptions. Whether the dividend will be paid in the end depends on the cost of removing the buildings and closing up the affairs of the corporation.

Early this morning, before the gates to Jackson Park have been opened to the public, workmen will be engaged in laying railway tracks into the grounds. By night the first line running from the yards into the transportation building will be ready for use. Within a week tracks will be laid to every building, and the macadam walks will be made the right of way for railroads.

Packing Exhibits.

The packing of exhibits will begin at once and they will be removed as fast as transportation facilities will permit. These plans plans were announced by Chief Holcomb, of the transportation department, with the additional information that the exodus of exhibitors, bag and baggage, will be almost entirely accomplished during the month of November.

There was evidence of it in the department of transportation and in the railway yards back of the Terminal station. All the trackmen have been appointed and have organized their force of workmen. Shifting engines have been sent to the grounds and in the yards long lines of cars loaded with railway ties, rails, track sections and tools were sidetracked ready to be run inside the park to-night. In fact, everything is in readiness for the removal of the exhibits, and an order of court would hardly keep the exhibitors a day longer than necessary for the safe removal of their property.

"They are falling over each other to get out," said Chief Holcomb. "You can't stop them. The exhibitors are far more anxious to get out than they were to get in last May and the pressure brought to bear on this department then was bad enough. Within a month most of our work will be done and there will be very few of the displays left on the exposition grounds."

Paid Attendance, Official.

May	1,050,037
June	2,675,113
July	2,760,263
August	3,515,493
September	4,679,871
October (first week)	1,042,454
October (second week)	2,114,053
October (third week)	1,731,125
October 22 (Sunday)	128,011
October 23	233,053
October 24	244,127
October 25	249,589
October 26	254,407
October 27	234,763
October 28 (unrevised)	240,702
October 29 (unrevised)	146,821
October 30 unrevised	208,173
Total paid (unrevised)	21,449,675
Total passes, entire Fair	6,052,188
Total admissions	27,501,863

THE WORLD'S FAIR CLOSED.

Scene in Festival Hall Monday Afternoon.

World's Fair Grounds, Oct. 30.—The scene in Festival hall this afternoon was impressive. There was no levity. The great audience, filling every seat, occupying every foot of standing room, were hushed. Some had come from distant states to take part in what was intended to be an hour of rejoicing over the success of the Fair, and found that the festival plans had been changed. There were no speeches to emphasize the greatness of the Exposition now closing, no words of regret that the work of demolishing the beautiful white buildings would soon be commenced. The ceremonies, according to programme, were made commemorative of Chicago's departed mayor.

The speech which President Higinbotham had prepared prior to Mr. Harrison's death was considered so consonant with the spirit of the meeting that it was deemed fitting to have it read by the Rev. Dr. Barrows, who made the opening prayer. The committee of directors and national commissioners who were requested to draught a set of suitable resolutions reported through President Higinbotham. The national commissioners, the foreign commissioners, the state commissioners and all the executive officers of the Exposition were seated on the platform. President Palmer, of the national commission, presided, and after the preliminaries and reading of the resolutions he declared the World's Columbian Exposition officially closed after the national salute was fired at sunset.

MARSHAL FIELD'S BIG GIFT.

A Million Dollars Towards a Great Museum.

World's Fair Grounds, Oct. 28.—One million dollars cold money will be given by Marshal Field to the museum which is to be the outcome of the World's Fair. Mr. Field names conditions which will be easily complied with. They are simply that $500,000 more be subscribed, and that the stockholders of the World's Columbian Exposition subscribe to the fund $2,000,000 of their holdings, which represent an investment of $5,000,000, but which are worth much less. The biggest stockholders never expected to realize anything on their investment, and they have already expressed a willingness to turn over all the stock they have.

The trustees of the museum have no doubt that a majority of $5,000,000 of World's Fair stock will be turned over to them. As for the $500,000 to be raised before Mr. Field's munificent offering is secured, $100,000 of it has been unconditionally subscribed by George M. Pullman. The balance, it is said, will be raised in a few days.

WILL SELL THE BUILDING.

Board of Lady Managers Not Successful.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—New York state building at the Fair will be sold. Several months ago Governor Flower, on behalf of the state, presented the building to the board of lady managers. The permission of the board of South Park commissioners was sought to allow the building to remain where it now stands. But the lady managers were not successful in their suit.

Struck Gold Dust.

San Francisco, Oct. 28.—Among the passengers on the steamer Umatilla, which has just arrived from the North, were 17 miners, who returned from the Yukon river, Alaska, with gold dust in their possession valued at $70,000, as a result of one year's work.

NOW, HERE THEY ARE.

Manufacturers Repudiate Democratic Statements.

Columbus, O., Oct. 25.—(Special.)—The following statement was given out to the press here to-day. Undersigned manufacturers of the Mahoning Valley desire to state in the most emphatic terms that neither Governor McKinley nor Mr. Dick, chairman of the Republican state executive committee, nor any one connected directly or indirectly with the Republican campaign in Ohio ever advised by letter or personally or otherwise or ever suggested the keeping of the mills closed until after election.

Governor McKinley weeks ago expressed an earnest wish that all the mills and furnaces in the valley might be started for the sake of the men who are dependent upon them for their livlihood.

The Mahoning Valley Iron Company, by W. Scott Bonnell, vice president; the Union Iron and Steel Company, by Myron C. Wick, president; the Youngstown Steel Company, John Stambaugh, jr., secretary; the Wm. Tod Company, by John Stambaugh, jr.; the Brown Bonnell Iron Company, by Daniel Mather, president; the Andrews Bros', Company, by L. E. Cochran, president; the Briar Hill Iron and Coal Company, by Geo. Tod, president; the Lloyd Booth Company, by C. H. Booth, treasurer; the Andrews & Hitchcock Iron Company, by Frank M. Hitchcock, secretary; the Ohio Iron and Steel Company, by Thos. H. Wells, president.

M'KINLEY AT LEBANON.

Good Meeting in Warren County Last Wednesday.

Lebanon, O., Oct. 25.—It was an immense crowd, an American crowd, friendly to America, which cheered to the echo American doctrine magnificently presented by that American of Americans, Governor McKinley, at the great meeting here last night. A more enthusiastic, responsive audience never before jammed the city opera house. It holds 1,000. It was forced to hold 2,000. Packed, attentive, intelligent, the audience drank in every word uttered by the greatest apostle of protection in the world. Hundreds of university students here from the south vied with as many from the north in giving the speakers a rousing reception. Citizens from the town, the country and neighboring counties struggled for standing room and hundreds were turned away. Over 4,000 people were in town. Hon. Alex Boxwell presided. He introduced the speakers with charming paragraphs. General Alger spoke first. He was eloquent and forcible. Governor McKinley was unanswerable, lucid, earnest, and at times touchingly pathetic. Many Democrats were present. Many were heard to say that after hearing Alger and McKinley they are more in favor of a change now than they were a year ago.

THREATS OF TARIFF CHANGES

Has Stagnated Business In Kansas.

Kansas City, Oct. 30.—Kansas is sharing with her sister states the havoc wrought by the political change last fall. A large part of Cherokee county in the southeastern corner of the state is included in the zinc and lead ore belt, of which Joplin, Mo., is the center. Galena, Kan., stands next to Joplin in the mining industry. Last fall this county gave 1,000 majority for the Weaver electors. This was composed of the combined votes of the miners and farmers of the county.

Last fall the visitor to the Galena mining camp was confronted with scenes of activity, and every mine was running at full blast. To-day operations are continued only in a few mines. Business is stagnated; thrift is dead. Hundreds of miners have gone elsewhere in quest of work. Col. W. B. Stone, of Galena, one of the most extensive operators in the district, when asked to explain the unfortunate condition around his home city, said:

"This ruin was wrought by the ways and means committee of the House. They have placed lead and zinc ore on the free list, and when that becomes effective every mine here will be forced to close."

DOZENS OF FAMILIES DESTITUTE.

Touch of Winter Experienced in the Cherokee Strip.

Arkansas City, Kan., Oct. 26.—The first touch of winter now being experienced in the Cherokee strip reveals but faintly the condition that will obtain within the near future. Hundreds of people and dozens of families in the strip are entirely destitute. Up to this time many of them have been entirely without shelter save the stars, and they have no money to get away or to procure decent shelter for the winter. In the opening rush thousands of persons expended almost their last dollar in the vain hope of recouping their fortunes in a turn of the wheel. Luck has been against many. Hundreds will be in dire distress soon. Without money, homeless and landless, they must do something or starve, and the serious problem of mere existence is worrying many of them thus soon. Returning boomers are beating their way back to their former homes as best they can. Arkansas City is overrun with them. They are on starvation's verge. Many of them are sick and without means to procure medical attendance. It is estimated by those familiar with the facts that fully 15,000 persons failed to secure anything in the rush. By far the larger portion of these luckless ones had means to go away and have gone. But to the few whose all was comprised in a few dollars, a scanty hoard of provisions, a team and wagon, and half a dozen hungry children, failure to secure a claim meant absolute ruin.

THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

How to Dispose of Them Is Now the Problem.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—When the gates at Jackson Park are closed to-night and the official life of the Fair has been brought to an end the most serious problem remaining to be solved will be how best to dispose of the buildings. Many answers have been given, but as yet nothing at all definite has been done. On one point all are agreed, and that is that if possible some of the buildings should be preserved intact.

Ferd W. Peck, vice president of the World's Columbian exposition, speaking of the exposition and the work of demolition, said:

"It surely will be wrong to the American public if these magnificent buildings are at once turned over to the destroyers. We have here a lesson in architecture which should be preserved. It may be impossible to continue the fair another year, but certainly we may retain the buildings."

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

How It Will be Received at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 31.—Great preparations are being made to receive the old liberty bell on its arrival here on Saturday next. There will be a monster parade in which all the military, headed by the governor, will join. The national guard of New Jersey will also be represented, city councils of Philadelphia and Trenton, 6,000 school children, many firemen's organizations, and civic societies will be in line. It is proposed to make it the largest demonstration of late years.

NO HOPE OF ANNEXATION.

Position of the Administration Towards Hawaii.

San Francisco, Oct. 28.—Albert S. Wills, United States minister to Hawaii, arrived here last night on his way to Honolulu. Minister Wills says the policy of the government towards Hawaii will be announced very soon, probably by the time he reaches Honolulu. He is the bearer of definite instructions on the subject. While the minister declined to state what action would be taken by the United States the inference is drawn that the hope of annexation is not to be realized.

FOREIGN.

MAHARAPAH DHULEP SINGH.

Sketch of His Life—Queen Victoria's Part Therein.

Paris, Oct. 25.—The death of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has attracted but little attention, owing to the Russian fetes and the deaths of Marshal MacMahon and Bounod. His life was one full of romance and unsatisfied ambitions. The Maharajah was born in 1838. He was the son of the famous Runjeet Singh, Rajah of the Punjaub. Dhuleep was an infant when his father died, and the demoralized state of the regency and army induced the British ministry to annex the principality under certain conditions, one being that the young Maharajah should receive four lacs of rupees—equivalent to £40,000 sterling—per annum. Afterward the Maharajah became a Christian, took up his abode in England and was naturalized. His mother, the notorious Ra-

MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH.

nee, also resided in that country until her death, in 1863, but resisted steadfastly all persuasions to become a convert to Christianity.

Torn away from his kingdom by the British government when a mere boy, when he did not comprehend the significance of events, in later years, when he had grown to manhood in England, he fully understood the wrong that had been done him. He was a mere child when England took possession of the Punjaub and granted him his large pension after he had been induced to sign away his birthright and to send as a present to Queen Victoria the wonderful diamond called the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, the value of which he then could not know, but which was one of the greatest treasures among the crown jewels of Lahore.

Early in the year 1888, when war between England and Russia seemed to be a probability, he left England and went to reside in Moscow, undoubtedly at the instance of Russia, to whom he would have been of great service in case of an invasion of India. On his way to Moscow the Maharajah had stopped at Paris, and had there been interviewed by a writer of the Voltaire, to whom he told his plans and his dreams. He began the conversation by the remark that the Prophet Braribabuka had predicted in 1725 that he (the Maharajah) would one day be King of India, and that he believed in the prophecy.

"It was to have commenced to be accomplished when I was 59 years of age," added Dhuleep Singh, "and as I am now in my 50th year the moment is near at hand when I will be hailed as sovereign by 250,000,000 of my fellow-countrymen. My father was the King of the Punjaub and ruled over 22,000,000 subjects. I am the son of one of his 46 wives—not the eldest son, however, for he was killed on the day that our father was buried by the gate of the palace, which fell on him and broke his skull. This accident was followed by a general family row, in which my other brothers were exterminated and I was immediately afterward proclaimed King of the Punjaub. I was then only 5 years of age, and so my mother was placed at the head of the council of the regency. Among our people my mother was considered as a woman with supernatural powers. She was as much venerated in India as the Holy Virgin is in Europe.

"When the Sepoy revolt took place the English forced my mother to remain neutral by taking possession of my person. 'If I were to give the signal of revolt,' my mother said to the leaders of that movement, 'the English will kill my son. I can do nothing for you. Submit to the English and wait. The hour of deliverance will come for us. My son will do for you what I am not permitted to attempt.' The English government in taking me under its guardianship had promised to give me an income of 1,000,000f. a year in addition to my revenues as sovereign of my states, which were somewhere in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 f.

"I was then 12 years of age. Since then I have had a very difficult time of it. The climate of Europe and the ways of Europe are very far from being as pleasant as those of the East."

The Maharajah was fully convinced that the time was ripe for gaining, with the assistance of Russia, the heritage of which he considered he had been unjustly deprived. It was then, in April, 1889, he addressed a letter to Queen Victoria, in which he enumerated his wrongs, and insisted in the restoration of the Koh-i-Noor. He wrote to her majesty:

"It will be useless for me to demand the restoration of my kingdom, swindled from me by your Christian government, but which I hope shortly, by

THE KOH-I-NOR BEFORE AND AFTER CUTTING.

the aid of Providence, to retake from my robbers. But my diamond, the koh-i-noor, I understand, is entirely at your personal disposal. Therefore, believing your majesty to be a most religious lady, that your subjects pray for you every Sunday, I do not hesitate to ask that this gem be restored to me or else that a fair price be paid for it to me out of your privy purse."

But the quarrel between Russia and England subsided and Dhuleep's prospects of ever being restored to his lost throne grew less and less. Finally, in August, 1890, he was induced by his family to write a letter to Queen Victoria expressing contrition for his past conduct and praying for pardon. A few days later the pardon was granted to him on the condition that he renounce his claim to Lahore. He again took up his residence in England for a time.

The Koh-i-noor, about which the dead Maharajah dreamed so many years, is not in its present form the largest diamond in the world. That glory belongs to the Orloff diamond, which is in the sceptre of the Czar of Russia, and which weighs 194 3-4 carats and is cut in rose form, with a flat face below, resembling the half of a pigeon's egg. According to one story it formed the eye of an Indian idol and was stolen by a French deserter; another is that it belonged to Nadir, Shah of Persia, and on his death came into the hands of an Armenian merchant, who brought it to Amsterdam. In 1772 it was sold to Count Orloff for the Empress Catherine for 450,000 silver rubles, with an annuity of 4,000 rubles and a title of Russian nobility.

The Koh-i-noor, the largest belonging to the British crown, has a singular history, corresponding to the country of its origin. The Indian legend tells that it was found in one of the Golconda mines near the Kishna river and worn 5,000 years by Karna, one of the heroes celebrated in the Mahabharata. It passed through many hands to Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty in 1526, and was shown by his successor in 1665 to Tavernier, the French traveler. He describes it then as the shape of a half egg and weighing 280 carats, having been thus reduced by an unskilful stone cutter from 793 5-8 carats, which it once weighed. In 1739 it passed to Nadr Pacha, the Persian invader of India, who gave it the name of Koh-i-Noor, or fountain of light, and from his successor in 1813 to Runjeet Singh, the ruler of Lahore. In 1849, on the annexation of the Punjaub to British India, the Koh-i-Noor was surrendered and presented to Queen Victoria in 1850. It was exhibited in the great exhibition of 1851, and then weighed 186 1-16 carats, and has since been recut, with doubtful advantage, in the rose form, and is now 106 1-16 carats. Its lower side is flat, and undoubtedly corresponds to a cleavage plan. Hence it has been conjectured that it and the Russian Orloff diamond are portions of the original stone belonging to the Great Mogul, while a stone of 132 carats, obtained by Abba Mirza at the storming of Coocha, in Khorassan in 1832 may be a third fragment. This portion was long used by a peasant as a flint for striking fire. The three united would have nearly the form and size given by Tavernier and the Koh-i-Noor would then surpass all known diamonds in its magnitude as well as its eventful history.

IS THERE A SECRET TREATY?

Brazilian Minister Says One Has Been Made.

London, Oct. 31.—The Brazilian minister here says he received a dispatch from his government similar to the one sent out by Associated Press that Brazil and the United States have entered into a secret treaty.

WAR SHIPS FOR BRAZIL.

A Formidable Fleet Will Soon Leave New York.

New York, Oct. 31.—The Herald says: "Between November 12 and November 15 there will sail for Rio de Janeiro a fleet of war-ships in some respects the superiors in point of armament of any vessels afloat.

This fleet will consist of the steamer El Cid, armed with the terrible 15-inch dynamite gun; El Rio, of the Morgan line, due in New York to-day from New Orleans, and which will be fitted out as a cruiser; the Destroyer, carrying her famous sub-marine gun, capable of destroying with one shot the largest man-of-war ever built; a Yarrow torpedo boat, purchased in England and now on one of the trans-Atlantic steamers bound for this port.

The steam yacht Feissina, fitted out as a torpedo boat, and two other fast boats, for the purchase of which negotiations are now pending, will probably be completed within a day or two.

HOME RULE IS SHELVED.

So Declares an Irish Member of Parliament.

New York, Oct. 25.—Horace Plunkett, M. P., from the South County Dublin, a Unionist and opposed to home rule for Ireland, is at the Hotel Brunswick. In an interview, he said that there was no prospect of another home rule bill being introduced in Parliament at the coming session, which would convene on December 2 and end about January 1. He doubted if any home rule bill would be introduced at the succeeding session, beginning in February, and he did not think the Parliamentary elections would take place until next fall.

Mr. Plunkett thought Mr. Gladstone's scheme is to mix up the home rule bill with other matters and then force support. It would be useless, he declared, for Mr. Gladstone to go before the country in the home rule issue now. Personally, he was in favor of local government by county councils for Ireland.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE HITCH.

Diplomacy Is Not Producing the Desired Result.

London, Oct. 25.—There is a hitch in the negotiations going on between France and Great Britain in regard to the buffer state which it is proposed to create between the French and British territory in Siam.

A representative of the British foreign office, Sir Thomas Henry Sanderson, has been to Paris in order to make an effort to come to some satisfactory understanding upon the subject. The English diplomats have not been successful up to the present, but it is hoped the negotiations will be resumed in an amicable spirit before long.

IT IS NOW ALL OVER.

The Russian Squadron Has Left Toulon.

Toulon, Oct. 30.—The Russian squadron left this port at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The departure of the Russians was witnessed by immense crowds of people, who thronged the quays and other points from which the ships could be seen. The Russians passed out to sea between the French warships which manned yards and exchanged salutes with the visitors. The sailors of Russia and France cheered each other heartily and waved their hats frantically upon parting, while the French bands played the Russian national anthem and the Russian bands played the Marseillaise.

RUSHING FORWARD HIS MEN.

Looking to the Final Settlement of the Matabel Question.

Capetown, Oct. 26.—Commissioner Loch has completed all his plans to hurry forward men and stores in order that he may have a strong body of imperial troops around him when the final settlement of the Matabel question takes place at Buluwayo.

A corps of military telegraphers with a full equipment of material is going to Bechuanaland from Natal. The telegraph corps will carry with it a hundred and fifty miles of telegraph wire for the erection of wire communication from Palapye in the direction of Buluwayo.

BRITISH LEAVE ITALY.

Most Cordial Feeling the Result of the Visit.

Spezzia, Oct. 30.—The British squadron left this port at 4 p. m. yesterday for Gibraltar. Enormous and enthusiastic crowds flocked to the shore and went out upon the bay in boats and steamers in order to bid farewell to the British sailors. The visit of the British fleet has led to a most cordial feeling between the British and Italian sailors and they parted with mutual hurrahing and the burning of a large amount of gunpowder.

CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

New Cases and Many Deaths Are Reported.

London, Oct. 25.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that 91 new cases of cholera and 30 deaths occurred there during the past three days. In the provinces of Warsaw, Volhynia, Grodno, Kursk, Mohileff and Lomsha, during the past week, there were 1,393 cases of cholera and 555 deaths.

A Volcano Again Active.

New York, Oct. 25.—The Herald's Valparaiso dispatch says: The volcano on Mount Calbuco has again become active. The streets of Orsono are filled with piles of ashes which have been thrown up from the crater. Traffic is almost stopped by them on the roads near by. Great alarm exists among the residents lest the eruption should assume more dangerous proportions.

For the Cup Next Year.

London, Oct. 30.—It is said that Alexander Richardson, of Liverpool, will be entrusted with the designing of the yacht with which Mr. Jamieson, owner of the Irex, will challenge for the America's cup in 1894.

**Carnot Again a Candidate.

WASHINGTON.

THROUGH THE SENATE.

ELEVEN MAJORITY FOR REPEAL IN THE SENATE.

IMPRESSIVE SCENE WHEN THE VOTE WAS TAKEN.

Cameron, the Only Eastern Republican, Who Voted Against Repeal —Congress Will Adjourn This Week Till December.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The Voorhees repeal bill passed the Senate at 7:30 o'clock last night by a vote of 43 to 32.

Those voting in the affirmative were: Aldrich, Brice, Caffery, Camden, Carey, Cullom, Davis, Dixon, Dolph, Faulkner, Frye, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Hale, Hawley, Higgins, Hill, Hoar, Hunton, Lindsay, Lodge, McMillan, McPherson, Manderson, Mills, Mitchell (Wis.), Morrill, Murphy, Platt, Proctor, Quay, Ransom, Sherman, Smith, Squire, Stockbridge, Turpie, Vilas, Voorhees, Washburn, White (La.)—43.

Those voting in the negative were: Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Butler, Call, Cameron, Cockrell, Coke, Daniel, Dubois, George, Harris, Irby, Jones (Ark.), Jones (Nev.), Kyle, Martin, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Power, Pugh, Roach, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Vance, Vest, Walthall, Wolcott—32.

The following pairs were announced: The first named would vote in the affirmative: Allison with Mitchell (Oreg.), Chandler with White (Cal.), Wilson with Colquitt, Gordon with Morgan, Palmer with Hansbrough.

How They Voted.

The votes in favor of the repeal of the Sherman law were cast by 23 Republicans and 20 Democrats. The votes against repeal were cast by 19 Democrats, 9 Republicans and 4 Populists. Ten Senators were absent or paired. If they had been present and not paired, the vote on the bill would have been 48 yeas and 37 nays. Twenty-six Republicans and 22 Democrats would have voted for repeal. Twenty-two Democrats, eleven Republicans and four Populists would have voted against repeal. The Republicans who voted against repeal were:

Cameron, Pennsylvania; Dubois, Idaho; Jones, Nevada; Perkins, California; Pettigrew, South Dakota; Power, Montana; Shoup, Idaho; Teller and Wolcott,, Colorado. Hansbrough, North Dakota, and Mitchell, of Oregon (Republicans) were absent. If they had been present they would have also voted against repeal. The Populists are Allen and Kyle, of Nebraska; Peffer, of Kansas, and Stewart, of Nevada.

The Democrats who voted for repeal were: Brice, Ohio; Caffery, Louisiana; Camden and Faulkner, West Virginia; Gibson and Gorman, Maryland; Gray, Delaware; Hill and Murphy, New York; Hunton, Virginia; Lindsey, Kentucky; McPherson and Smith, New Jersey; Mills, Texas; Ransom, North Carolina; Turpie and Voorhees, Indiana; Mitchell and Vilas, Wisconsin, and White, Louisiana.

The Closing Scene.

The end was reached at the conclusion of a continuous session of fourteen days of debate during which five volumes of Congressional Record had been filled with speeches amounting in the aggregate to about 20,000,000 words, a stream of talk that would stretch in cold type from the seaboard 1,500 miles into the interior, from Liberty Enlightening the World in New York harbor to the foothills of the Rocky mountains. The closing day of the great struggle for the repeal of the purchase of silver was one of intense excitement. The galleries were packed to the doors, every seat in the Senate was occupied, and the walls were lined with Representatives from the lower branch of Congress.

Senator Stewart had the last word. When the white-bearded Nevadian, looking like an ancient patriarch, sank back in his seat, Vice-President Stevenson, for the last time, announced that the bill was before the Senate for amendment. He paused. Senator Voorhees, the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, arose. The decisive moment had come. The Vice-President flashed his eye about the chamber. The galleries leaned over. The flood of light from the glass paneled ceiling poured down upon the Senate. The chamber was still as death. Not a soul stirred. Every one seemed to hold his breath.

"If there are no further amendments," said the Vice-President slowly and solemnly, "the clerk will call the roll."

The Suspense Over.

"Mr. Allen," began the clerk.

The suspense was over. The rubicon had been passed. The roll was at last being called on the final passage of the bill. From all over the chamber came a sigh of relief. Mr. Bland, the silver champion of the House, stood like a statue behind the Senate desks while the roll was called. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Voorhees facing each other bolt upright, did not move a muscle. Mr. Peffer stroked his beard. Mr. Mills and Mr. Cockrell paced impatiently up and down the area in front of the Vice-President's chair. Mr. Hill sat in the front row, talking to his late antagonist, Mr. Butler. It took almost ten minutes to call the roll and arrange the parts. When the Vice-President announced the vote, Mr. Voorhees straightened up to his full length. It was a personal victory for him. "I now move," said he, with a note of triumph in his voice, "that the Senate adjourn until to-morrow at 12 o'clock."

It is almost certain that the House will pass the Voorhees bill. It will receive the sanction of the President, and before the week closes Congress will adjourn till the first Monday in December.

BILL FOR REPEAL NOW IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Scenes in the House When the Final Act in the Special Session Drama Seemed About to be Enacted.

Washington, Oct. 31.—House—Public interest was transferred to-day to the House end of the Capitol where it was expected that the last act in the great financial drama that has been riveting the attention of the country on Washington for three months past would be enacted. But the crowds which surged into the galleries were doomed to disappointment. The silver men had discovered a parliamentary obstacle which would delay the doom of the white metal for 24 hours. Fully 250 members were present when Speaker Crisp dropped the gavel, but not one-fifth of them knew of the sudden change in the situation.

Routine Business Only.

After the reading of the journal Mr. Cummings secured unanimous consent for consideration of the Senate joint resolution transferring the model of the battleship "Illinois" at the World's Fair to the city of Chicago. Without opposition it was agreed to.

At 12:50 while Mr. Oates was speaking Mr. Cox, of North Carolina, the secretary of the Senate, came into the House, bearing in his arms the repeal bill. George B. Smith, the assistant door-keeper, escorted Mr. Cox down the center aisle. The speaker rapped for order.

"The gentleman from Alabama," said the speaker, "will suspend a moment while the House receives a message from the Senate."

All eyes were turned towards the two figures in the main aisle.

"I am directed by the Senate," said Mr. Cox, his words racing and tumbling after each other, "to inform the House that the Senate has passed an act to repeal a part of an act approved July 14, 1890, entitled an act directing the purchase of silver bullion and for other purposes, with an amendment to which I am directed to ask the concurrence of the House."

Clerk Cox bowed solemnly.

Hardly a Ripple.

Mr. Fitch, of New York, standing in the area in front of the speaker's chair applauded vigorously. But the demonstration was not taken up and Mr. Fitch's solitary applause died away amid the laughter that swept over the floor and galleries.

The reception of the silver bill had hardly created a ripple. Quietly the House went back to routine business.

At 1:30, when the morning hour expired, Mr. Livingston, of Georgia, created some excitement by an attempt to secure unanimous consent to proceed with the consideration of the repeal bill. His proposition was that the House agree to consider the bill for the remainder of the afternoon and to-morrow until 5 o'clock when the previous question be considered as ordered on the bill and pending amendments.

Bland Makes a Kick.

Mr. Bland made a vehement protest and said the bill had to take its place like any other bill and come up regularly under the rules. "Many members want to be heard and I for one object," and so the first attempt to reach an agreement in the House failed.

THE HOUSE RULE,

Why the Repeal Bill Was Laid Over.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The rule of the House provides that the speaker shall lay before the House messages and bills coming over from the Senate on the previous day. If the silver repeal bill had reached the House last evening before adjournment it would have been in order the first thing when the House met this morning. Some of the members and senators who understood the rule on this subject were very anxious to have the bill passed in time to reach the House last night, but this was known to but very few, as most members were under the same impression as Mr. Bland, that the bill was privileged at any moment it reached the House. Large crowds have collected about the House to-day in anticipation of the bill coming up, and interest was everywhere manifested in the repeal bill. It will be a great disappointment to those who have come to the capital in anticipation of a field day in the House. There are many members who came early who believed the bill would be brought up.

SOUTHERN WAR CLAIMS.

The Court of Claims Will be Swamped With Them.

Washington, Oct. 27.—(Special.)—The Court of Claims is likely to find itself swamped beneath the flood of Southern war claims that are being and are to be referred to it. They are pouring into Congress by the thousands and an effort is being made by Congress to shoulder them off on the Court of Claims in many instances. Although this is a special session of Congress and the session is less than twelve weeks old there have been introduced nearly 6,000 bills, a large number of them coming from the South and a very large proportion of these war claims. These bills were introduced in the House going to the committee on war claims, but are being referred to the Court of Claims in great batches. Every little while the committee on war claims brings in an omnibus resolution referring a large batch of bills by their appropriated numbers to the Court of Claims under certain existing laws.

To Admit Utah.

The committee on Territories has for some time been considering the Utah bill, and every effort is being made by those interested to have the bill favorably reported at an early date. It was expected that the bill would be completed at yesterday's session, but as Chairman Wheeler, of the committee, is at the World's Fair, no meeting was held. The bill under consideration is one introduced by Mr. Wheeler. Delegate Rawlins introduced a bill, but the committee decided to take up Mr. Wheeler's. It is being amended in some particular to meet the views of the delegate. If the present session continues any length of time, it is possible that the admission bill for Utah will come up. There seems to be little opposition to it in the House.

The Hawaiian Matter.

Leading members of the committee on foreign affairs in the House, and those of the majority especially, think that President Cleveland will send into Congress immediately after the silver bill is out of the way, his message and the correspondence on the Hawiian matter. It seems to be the impression that the message is already prepared, and it only awaits the disposition of the repeal bill, when the President will make his recommendations and give Congress something to do. One of the Democratic members of the committee said that there were three solutions of the trouble in Hawaii, one was the restoration of the old order of things by placing the queen upon the throne; the others annexation or a protectorate. That one of these plans would be adopted was thought very probable, but which would be favored by the administration or by Congress he could not say.

A CASE OF STIFF NECK.

Mr. Cleveland's No. 20 Collar Stood It All.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Cleveland's will is supreme. He will disrupt his party rather than bend his back-bone. He will see the Western and Southern divisions of Democracy pull out of the party rather than entertain the thought of a compromise.

The compromise patched up by the conference or steering committee on the Democratic side of the Senate is dead as a doornail. Cleveland and Carlisle killed it by stating emphatically that they would have nothing to do with such a "cowardly makeshift." Senators Lindsay, Palmer, Smith, of New Jersey, Gordon, Gray, White and Camden, known as warm friends of the administration, refused to be a party to the compromise when they were informed that it did not meet with the wishes of the President. It seems that these gentlemen signed the compromise paper under misapprehension. They say that they were led to believe when they attached their signatures to the document handed to them by Senator Gorman that the plan met with the approval of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury.

Free Shipping Bill.

Chairman Fithian, of the committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, has been trying for several weeks to get his free shipping bill reported from the committee. The hearings have been held, and the majority of the committee are ready to act favorably on the bill, but whenever a day has been set for voting on the bill a quorum fails to appear. It is now suspected that in view of the possibility of the bill passing if it ever came to a vote in the House, that there is a majority of the committee which is not anxious to have it acted on at present.

Will Take an Appeal.

Commissioner of Patents Seymour says that he is going to appeal from the decision of Justice Bradley, who ordered that a peremptory writ of mandamus be served on the commissioner to compel him to register a trademark on the word "Palmetto," to be used on dispensary liquors of the state of South Carolina.

To Amend the Pension Laws.

Mr. Muchler, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill amending the pension laws so as to relieve certain persons who served in the Mexican war, charged with desertion, also to relieve those who are charged with desertion who left the army after the surrender of the Confederate armies in the late war.

House Chaplain Dead.

Washington, Oct. 26.—Rev. Mr. Haddaway, chaplain of the House of Representatives, died this morning. It has been suggested that the House adjourn out of respect to his memory.

FIGHTING THE A. P. A.

A Democratic Representative Challenges the Right of Mr. Linton to His Seat.

Washington, Oct. 28.—There was a sensation in the House yesterday afternoon. It did not refer to the bankruptcy bill, neither did it have anything to do with the silver bill, but the outcome will cause a rustle over the entire country.

Mr. Weadock, a Democratic member from Michigan, challenged the right of Mr. Linton, a Republican member from Michigan, to occupy his seat in the House, claiming Linton's election was neither legal nor valid, being brought about through the machinations of an organization known as the American Protective association. Mr. Weadock asked that a committee be appointed to investigate this organization, which he denounced as traitorous and as being armed.

Mr. Hopkins, Republican, from Illinois, protested against Mr. Weadock's calling that or any other organization traitorous, and the memorial went over till Monday. It was the talk of the members who have heard from their constituents concerning the rapid growth and splendid organization of the A. P. A.

A Congressional Investigation.

If the House on Monday decides to adopt the resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Weadock, of Michigan, challenging the title of Representative Linton, of the Eighth Michigan district, to his seat, a Congressional investigation of the new political society, known as the American Protective association, will be the result. The A. P. A. has figured in politics for several years, especially in the states of Ohio, Michigan, Western New York, Illinois and Wisconsin. It is a secret anti-Catholic organization, and has, in Detroit and other cities, completely upset the calculations of the politicians.

Its power has been demonstrated on more than one occasion, and it has become a nightmare to politicians in some of the states mentioned.

Mr. Weadock declines to make the memorial which contains the charges against the A. P. A., public until it has been formally presented to the House on Monday. Speaking of the organization, however, he said that it had caused the political revolution in Detroit last fall.

Mr. Weadock's Charge.

"It is dominated," said he, "in Michigan, at least, by Canadian Organemen of the most ignorant class. In Saginaw, Bay City, Grand Rapids and the cities of the state generally, it is especially powerful. In a way, it is something like the old Know-Nothing organization, which directed its energies against all foreigners, particularly Catholics. This is exclusively an anti-Catholic organization, and differs from the old Know-Nothing party in being largely composed of aliens. It claims to control most of the cities in Michigan, besides Toledo, Buffalo and other cities. The most incendiary doctrines are promulgated by the leaders of the organization. In my district, I have seen alleged photographs of the Catholic university in this city, representing it as a great fort, dotted with loopholes, in which, they say, the Pope's army is to take refuge when it begins its campaign of conquest.

"So much excitement has been caused by their circulars that a reign of terror has been inaugurated, and the members of the organization are arming themselves, to repel the invasion of the Pope. Some time ago I saw a circular, a copy of which I have in my possession, declaring that the World's Fair celebration was a Catholic celebration of the discovery of America by a Catholic, and that on September 13, all the Catholics in this country would rise up and slaughter their Protestant neighbors."

What Mr. Caldwell Heard.

Representative Caldwell, of Cincinnati, said that a few days ago, while he was at home, a delegation of the A. P. A. called on him and informed him that Mgr. Satolli was to be formally recognized by this government as the Pope's emissary, and that a magnificent mansion was to be presented to him here. Mr. Caldwell insisted that the report was untrue, but the committee were certain that their information was correct, and demanded to know where he stood on the question. He says that similar reports come from various parts of Ohio. If the investigation is ordered, it is said that some astonishing revelations will be made with reference to this new political organization.

GOLD RESERVE GROWING.

Treasury Forces Hard at Work on Accumulated Paper Currency.

Washington, Oct. 28.—There are signs of improvement in the Treasury situation. True, receipts still lag behind those of last October, but pension payments are beginning to show a substantial decrease. The net excess of expenditures over receipts for the month will probably not be more than $6,000,000.

The gold reserve now stands at nearly $83,000,000. This increase is due to the fact that the treasury, by working an extra force over-hours, has caught up to some slight extent with the accumulated paper currency awaiting redemption, and this being made available, has been paid out instead of gold.

It is believed that the redemptions will keep ahead of the needs for currency, and thus give the gold reserve an opportunity to strengthen itself.

THE PRESIDENT SCARED.

He Does Not Want New Territories Admitted.

Washington, Oct. 30.—The House committee on territories has been busy for several weeks whenever a quorum appeared in perfecting the bill for the admission of Utah. It is thought that the administration has not wished to see the admission of these territories pressed just now. The fact that the men who will come to the Senate and House from all the proposed new states would be silver men has caused the promoters of the statehood movement to pause. In order to get around any such difficulty as this Delegate Joseph, of New Mexico, has proposed to have the bill admitting his territory changed so that the admission will not become operative until 1895.

For Utah, Arizona and New Mexico it is proposed to grant them double the amount of land which was granted to the last territories to be admitted. The reason for this is that these grants are made for the purpose of establishing a fund for various institutions and it is claimed that the lands which the three territories now knocking at the door will receive are mostly if not entirely arid and fit for nothing until they have been made valuable by a costly system of irrigation. The last six states admitted received as grants for the various state institutions about 500,000 acres of land each. The three territories asking for admission think they will need at least a million acres of the land within their borders.

The Chinese Bill.

It seems to be generally understood now that the Senate will pass the Chinese extension bill, while the House is considering the silver bill. Several of the Pacific coast men said that if the Senate should amend the bill as has been suggested by striking out all amendments and making it simply an extension of six months, that a quorum would be needed in the House to pass the amended bill. The California members do not propose to give up what they did gain in the extension with amendments they proposed and which the House accepted.

Appointments.

Washington, Oct. 30.—The President to-day sent the following nominations to the Senate: State—Edwin F. Uhl, of Michigan, to be assistant secretary of state, vice Josiah Quincy, resigned; James R. Roosevelt, of New York, to be secretary of embassy of the United States at London, vice Henry White, resigned.

War—Capt. Edward T. Comegys, assistant surgeon, to be surgeon with rank of major.

LARRY NEAL'S HALLOW E'EN.

Vegetables from His Weedy Garden Come Home to the Democratic Candidate.

WHITE CAPS IN NEBRASKA.

W. C. T. U. Members Appear in Court and Give Bail.

Osceola, Neb., Oct. 25.—As a sequel to the efforts of the female white cap band Saturday night to flog a number of young women of this city for their alleged immorality, eleven prominent women of Osceola were arraigned in the District court yesterday on the charge of riotous assault with intent to do great bodily harm and with incendiary talk, such as threatening to tar and feather six pretty girls. All the prisoners were members of the local Woman's Christian Temperance union.

The first of the prisoners called to plead was Mrs. Thomas Heald, the wife of the president of the Polk county bank, a society leader and a well-known church woman. In quick succession followed the names of her companions—Mrs. W. Hieshart, the two Mrs. J. J. Osbornes, Mrs. Ed. Everett, Mrs. H. Allen, Mrs. Ben Osborne—all equally well known in local society as standard church members and the most charitably disposed ladies of the city. Besides these were a number of other ladies of equal prominence and three boys—Mesker, Osborne and Brown. The prisoners pleaded not guilty and furnished bonds in the sum of $100 each to appear for trial November 20.

The white cap leaders did not pretend to deny their participation in the affair, and maintain that it is better for the girls and better for the society of Osceola that they received the chastisement. The girls who were caught in the trap, with two exceptions, were regarded as respectable, and their parents are terribly indignant over the affair. They claim that their daughters were not morally bad, but merely indiscreet, and that they were guilty of no wrong. The girls are all about 18. Their parents have employed able attorneys and declare their intention of bringing civil suits for damages in addition to prosecuting the W. C. T. U. as a body.

IN THE GARBAGE CREMATORY

Will Go Ohio's World's Fair Agricultural Exhibit.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—At the last meeting of the Ohio board of World's Fair managers, yesterday, a letter was received from W. J. Buchanan, chief of the department of agriculture, warning them of the discovery of a dangerous insect in the grains of several countries and states in the agricultural building.

The board resolved that it was unwise and unsafe to remove the agricultural exhibits back to Ohio, and the agricultural committee was instructed to turn over the grasses and grains contained in the straw to the janitors of the agricultural building for immediate destruction in the garbage crematory. Executive Commissioner Daniel J. Ryan will prepare a full and complete history of Ohio and exhibits at the World's Fair, to be ready December 1. The board has adjourned sine die.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

Reed and Dalzell Spoke at a Boston Banquet.

Boston, Oct. 26.—The third annual dinner of the Republican club of Massachusetts in Music hall last night proved the most successful in its history. The large hall had been turned into a banquet room, and its large proportions hardly accommodated the number present. American flags adorned the walls and ceilings. On the stge, behind the table of honor, rested two magnificent crayons of the Republican nominees for governor and lieutenant governor, Greenhalge and Wolcott. President Simpkins presided at the board. To his right sat Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, and Hon. J. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; to his left, Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge and Hon. Roger Wolcott.

WESTERN GRAIN GROWERS

Take Action Concerning Transportation Rates.

St. Paul, Oct. 26.—The grain growers of Northern Minnesota met at Crookston yesterday to take action regarding transportation rates on wheat. The meeting was not very largely attended. Senator Lamanne was chosen chairman. Speeches were made by Senator Wood, Judge Ives, E. M. Olsen and others, but no positive action was taken except to appoint a committee to draft a set of resolutions and prepare petitions to be sent to ten railroad and warehouse commissioners.

SATOLLI NOW HAS A HOME.

It is the House Once Occupied by Stephen A. Douglas.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The question of a legation home for Mgr. Satolli is now definitely and absolutely settled, the formal transfer of the old home of Senator Stephen A. Douglas and the late Chief Justice Bradley to the Papal legate having been made yesterday. The contract was closed yesterday, when the papers were signed and the keys and the property turned over to the real estate dealer, as the representative of the archbishop. The price paid was $35,000.

EMINENT SOUTHERN NEGRO DEAD

He Preached for Both Beecher and Spurgeon.

Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 26.—A special from Salisbury tells of the death of Rev. J. C. Price, D. D., the eminent Southern negro, orator and president of Livingstone college at Salisbury. Dr. Price was not quite 40 years old. He was appointed by President Cleveland during his first term as minister to Liberia but declined, preferring to devote his energies to the advancement of the youth of his race. He had preached by invitation in both Henry Ward Beecher's and Spurgeon's churches.

STONE'S SECOND CONFESSION.

Says He Murdered the Wratten Family Himself.

Washington, Ind., Oct. 26.—James Stone, who some days ago confessed that he with the five men now in the prison south, murdered the Wratten family in Daviess county a few weeks ago, made another confession last night to parties in this city. Stone says that he alone murdered the Wratten family. He exonerates the men he implicated in his first confession. He told the officers where to find the weapons with which the deed was done. The officers went out and found them where Stone had stated. A small bloody axe and a corn-knife were hidden under a log in a piece of woods close by the scene of the tragedy.

The weapons are now in possession of the grand jury. It is the opinion that Stone may or may not be telling the truth. He has the reputation of being a notorious liar. It is not believed that he did the deed alone.

THE GRAND JURY AT WORK.

Startling Facts Concerning the Wratten Murder.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The grand jury is still in session investigating the Wratten murder. It is said they possess facts that sustain a part of Stone's confession.

It was developed that these men were banded together for the purpose of murder, arson and theft, possessing signs, grips, and pass-words, and that the old lady Wratten murder had been in contemplation for a year or more. The grand jury is evidently getting at the bottom of this, and this vicinity will have a thorough purging of all vicious characters.

Excitement still continues at fever heat, and, while the people believe that Stone was a principal in the murder, he had assistants whom he is trying to shield.

EPIDEMIC OF CRANKS.

Two of Them Became Prominent in New York.

New York, Oct. 31.—Yesterday afternoon a man named Bradley fired two shots into the stomach of Frederick Matthews, superintendent of construction of the new Postal Tele-

EDWIN GOULD.

graph building. Bradley was overpowered by police. He is insane. Matthews may die.

Another crank entered the office of Edwin Gould and demanded $5,000, threatening to shoot if the money was not paid. He was detained in the office until the police took him away.

OUT IN COLORADO.

How the News of Repeal Was Received.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 31.—The announcement through the Associated Press dispatches last evening that the United States Senate had passed the unconditional repeal bill was a heavy blow to the people of Colorado, although they had hardly expected any favorable legislation during the present administration.

Among mining men the depression is considerable and it is only a matter of time when all the silver mines will be compelled to close down. The New York and the Last Chance mines, the largest in the state, cannot produce silver should the price drop below 65 cents per ounce, and the present indications are that price will be reached before long. Other mines will be able to stand a few cents further reduction, but the number of these are small.

Mrs. Grant Goes to California.

New York, Oct. 27.—A Chicago and St. Louis special train which drew out of the Pennsylvania railroad depot in Jersey City yesterday afternoon had attached to it the private car Mascot, in which was Mrs. U. S. Grant, with her party, bound for California, where they will spend the winter on the ranch of Jesse Grant.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the

CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston.

"How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 30c.

EXHIBIT OF LETTERS.

Exhibits of letters and circulars sent out by officers of the A. P. A. are attached to the memorial.

No. 1 is a secretive oath, in which the candidate declares his honesty of purpose, and in which he asserts that he is not of any theological institution, and especially of the Catholic church.

No. 2 asserts the candidate's intention to deal justly with his fellowmen.

No. 3 (taken on a dagger) prohibits the candidate from divulging what takes place in the order, commits him to the support of the United States government, makes it obligatory to keep the state and church separate, renounces all foreign powers, temporal or ecclesiastical, and asserts that he will take up arms if need be to defend the principles of his faith there set forth.

In No. 4 the candidate swears he will make warfare against ignorance and fanaticism and will use his utmost power "to strike the shackles and chains of blind obedience to the Roman Catholic church from the hampered and burdened conscience of a priest-ridden and church-oppressed people;" that he will promote the interests of Protestants everywhere, will not employ a Roman Catholic if he can secure the services of a Protestant; that he will not aid the Catholic church, but will do all in his power to retard and break down the power of the Pope; that he will not enter into an agreement with Catholics for a strike where a Protestant might be displaced and Catholics employed. The closing part of this oath is political, and is as follows:

A Political Oath.

"I furthermore promise and swear that I will not countenance the nomination by any caucus or convention of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and I will vote only for the Protestant. Should there be two Catholics for the same office I shall erase the name from the ticket I vote; that I will at all times endeavor to place political positions in the hands of Protestants, to the entire exclusion of the Roman Catholic church, or the members thereof, and the mandate of the Pope."

Oath No. 5 is as follows: "I hereby denounce Roman Catholicism. I hereby denounce the Pope, sitting at Rome or elsewhere. I denounce his priests and emissaries and the diabolical works of the Roman Catholic church and its Pope. Amen, amen amen."

In No. 6 the candidate swears that he will use all endeavors to keep Roman Catholics out of office, oppose all efforts of Catholics to obtain control of the public schools, and will hold these principles above party affiliations, and will give a brother of the order preference in all matters of business and also with his elective franchise.

AN EX-PRIEST MOBBED.

Saved Him.

Only the Efforts of the Police

St. Louis, Oct. 28.—Ex-Priest Slattery last night gave an anti-Catholic lecture to men only at Central Turner hall. The place was crowded to suffocation, and several hundred were unable to gain admission. These remained in the vicinity patronizing near-by saloons. During the lecture the crowd was very boisterous, but made no threatening demonstrations.

About 10 o'clock at the conclusion of the lecture, Slattery accompanied by his wife, started for his hotel. The crowd followed, growing more and more boisterous every minute. Finally surrounding the couple, the crowd almost with one voice yelled "Lynch him!" "Teach him a lesson." Recruits joined the crowd every minute and as they pressed close, Slattery threw one arm around his wife, and shaking his disengaged fist at the crowd hurled defiance in their teeth.

A score of policemen at this moment charged the crowd, but were unable to reach Slattery. Growing wilder every minute, the crowd repeated its yells of "Lynch him!" "Kill the fanatic!" Reinforcements arrived from the police station, and the officers were enabled to make their way to the side of the twain against whom the mob's cries were directed, and at whom stones and other missiles now began to be thrown. The officers finally succeeded in getting Slattery to the hotel.

FOUR HUNDRED MEN STRUCK,

And Now St. Paul Citizens Use the Sidewalks.

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Looking for Gold Up North.

St. Paul, Oct. 26.—Companies are being formed to prospect and mine in the Rainy Lake region and in the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods, whence come reports of rich finds of gold and silver. If the deposits are as large as reported, the government will probably withdraw the lands from homestead entry. A. D. Gray, of Fort Howard, special agent of the United States land office at Ashland, has been despatched by the government to inspect the lands, and is now on the way. Prominent lawyers claim that none of the laws of Wisconsin or Minnesota give the government the right to withdraw the lands as proposed.

World's Congresses Ended.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—The world's congresses are over. The last session of the last congress was held to-day. There will be several evening addresses and lectures, but the regular congresses have ceased. The real estate men closed the World's Fair auxiliary work.

Another Record Breaker.

New York, Oct. 30.—The steamer Borie, which arrived yesterday from Liverpool, made the passage in 9 days, 2 hours and 1 minute, breaking all previous records of freight steamers between these two ports.

"DOWN WITH CATHOLICS"

IS THE CRY OF THE A. P. A. ORGANIZATION,

According to Letters Attached to the Memorial Presented in Congress by Mr. Weadock.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The memorial which Mr. Weadock wanted read in the House yesterday comes from Mr. Youmans, a member of the last House from the Eighth Michigan district, who was defeated by William S. Linton.

It declares that Mr. Linton and his supporters represented that Youmans was a Roman Catholic, and that the Pope controlled his vote while he was in Congress. The American Protective association, a copy of whose oaths accompany the memorial, binds its members to do everything in their power to overthrow the Roman Catholic church and its followers. It is declared that, owing to the purchases of arms by the A. P. A., the Saginaw district has been terrorized, and that many persons were frightened into voting for Linton.

Exhibit of Letters.

Exhibits of letters and circulars sent out by officers of the A. P. A. are attached to the memorial.

No. 1 is a secretive oath, in which the candidate declares his honesty of purpose, and in which he asserts that he is not of any theological institution, and especially of the Catholic church.

No. 2 asserts the candidate's intention to deal justly with his fellowmen.

No. 3 (taken on a dagger) prohibits the candidate from divulging what takes place in the order, commits him to the support of the United States government, makes it obligatory to keep the state and church separate, renounces all foreign powers, temporal or ecclesiastical, and asserts that he will take up arms if need be to defend the principles of his faith there set forth.

In No. 4 the candidate swears he will make warfare against ignorance and fanaticism and will use his utmost power "to strike the shackles and chains of blind obedience to the Roman Catholic church from the hampered and burdened conscience of a priest-ridden and church-oppressed people;" that he will promote the interests of Protestants everywhere, will not employ a Roman Catholic if he can secure the services of a Protestant; that he will not aid the Catholic church, but will do all in his power to retard and break down the power of the Pope; that he will not enter into an agreement with Catholics for a strike where a Protestant might be displaced and Catholics employed. The closing part of this oath is political, and is as follows:

A Political Oath.

"I furthermore promise and swear that I will not countenance the nomination by any caucus or convention of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and I will vote only for the Protestant. Should there be two Catholics for the same office I shall erase the name from the ticket I vote; that I will at all times endeavor to place political positions in the hands of Protestants, to the entire exclusion of the Roman Catholic church, or the members thereof, and the mandate of the Pope."

Oath No. 5 is as follows: "I hereby denounce Roman Catholicism. I hereby denounce the Pope, sitting at Rome or elsewhere. I denounce his priests and emissaries and the diabolical works of the Roman Catholic church and its Pope. Amen, amen amen."

In No. 6 the candidate swears that he will use all endeavors to keep Roman Catholics out of office, oppose all efforts of Catholics to obtain control of the public schools, and will hold these principles above party affiliations, and will give a brother of the order preference in all matters of business and also with his elective franchise.

AN EX-PRIEST MOBBED.

Saved Him.

Only the Efforts of the Police

St. Louis, Oct. 28.—Ex-Priest Slattery last night gave an anti-Catholic lecture to men only at Central Turner hall. The place was crowded to suffocation, and several hundred were unable to gain admission. These remained in the vicinity patronizing near-by saloons. During the lecture the crowd was very boisterous, but made no threatening demonstrations.

About 10 o'clock at the conclusion of the lecture, Slattery accompanied by his wife, started for his hotel. The crowd followed, growing more and more boisterous every minute. Finally surrounding the couple, the crowd almost with one voice yelled "Lynch him!" "Teach him a lesson." Recruits joined the crowd every minute and as they pressed close, Slattery threw one arm around his wife, and shaking his disengaged fist at the crowd hurled defiance in their teeth.

A score of policemen at this moment charged the crowd, but were unable to reach Slattery. Growing wilder every minute, the crowd repeated its yells of "Lynch him!" "Kill the fanatic!" Reinforcements arrived from the police station, and the officers were enabled to make their way to the side of the twain against whom the mob's cries were directed, and at whom stones and other missiles now began to be thrown. The officers finally succeeded in getting Slattery to the hotel.

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THE AGE OF CHICAGO.

A St. Louis Man Tries to Prove It to be Two Centuries.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—At the World's Real Estate congress ex-Congressman Graham Frost, of St. Louis, declared that